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THE CORONATION PROCESSION PASSING THE GREAT BELL

A YEAR FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK

BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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TO

CECIL CLARK

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

The events I have tried to describe in this book occurred in different parts of the world between the months of May, 1896, and June, 1897.

Of the articles and letters that have been selected to fill it, those on the Coronation, the Inauguration, and the Jubilee appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, the one on the Millennial Celebration in Hungary in *Scribner's Magazine*. The letters from Cuba were written to the New York *Journal* while I was on the island as a correspondent of that paper, and were later published in a book called "Cuba in War-time." Those used here were loaned through the courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Robert Howard Russell. The article on the Greek-Turkish war is made up of one which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and of letters which I wrote from Turkey and Greece while acting as war correspondent of the London *Times*.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

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THE CORONATION

THE CORONATION

WE started for Moscow ten days before the date set for the coronation, leaving Berlin at midnight, and when the chief of the wagon-lit woke us at seven the next morning we were within fifteen minutes of the custom-house.

It was raining, and outside of the wet window-panes miles of dark-green grass were drawn over little hills as far as the eye could see. No houses, no people, no cattle, no living thing of any kind moved under the low dark skies or rose from the sodden prairie.

It was a gloomy picture of emptiness and desolation, a landscape without character or suggestion, and as I surveyed it sleepily I had a disappointed feeling of

being cheated in having come so far to find that the Russian steppes were merely our Western prairie. But even as this was in my mind the scene changed, and lived with meaning and significance, for as the train rushed on there rose out of the misty landscape a tall white pillar painted in black stripes. And I knew that it signalled to Germany, and to all the rest of the world, "So far can you go, and no farther," and that we had crossed into the domain of the Czar. It must be a fine thing to "own your own home," as the real-estate advertisements are constantly urging one to do, and it must give a man a sensation of pride to see the surveyors' stakes at the corners of his town site or homestead holding, and to know that all that lies within those stakes belongs to him; but imagine what it must be to stake out the half of Europe, planting your painted posts from the Arctic Ocean to the Pacific, from the borders of Austria and Hungary down to the shores of the

Black Sea, to the Pamirs, in the very face of the British outposts, and on to China, saying, as it were, "Keep out, please; this belongs to me."

Trowbridge came with me because he was going to the coronation in any event, and because he could speak Russian. I had heard him speak French, German, and Italian when we had first met at Florence, and so I asked him to go with me to Moscow as an assistant correspondent of the New York paper I was to represent. He made an admirable associate, and it was due to him and his persuasive manner when dealing with Russian officials that I was permitted eventually to witness the coronation. It came out later, however, that his Russian was limited to a single phrase, which reflected on the ancestors of the person to whom it was addressed, and as I feared the result of this, I forbade his using it, and his Russian, in consequence, was limited to "how much?" "tea," and "caviare"; so one might say

that we spoke the language with equal fluency.

We had a sealed letter from the Russian ambassador at Washington to the custom-house people, and we gave it to a very smart-looking officer in a long gray overcoat and a flat white cap. He glanced over it, and over our heads at the dismal landscape, and said, "We expected you last night at one o'clock," and left us wondering. We differed in opinion as to whether he really had known that we were coming, or whether he made the same remark to every one who crossed the border, in order to give him to understand that he and his movements were now a matter of observation and concern to the Russian government.

As a matter of fact, the Russian government probably takes the stranger within its gates much less seriously than he does himself. The visiting stranger likes to believe that he is giving no end of trouble to a dozen of the secret police; that, sleeping

or waking, he is surrounded by spies. It adds an element of local color to his visit, and makes a good story to tell when he goes home. It may be that for reasons of their own the Russian police help to encourage him in this belief, but that they spy upon every stranger who comes to see their show cities seems hardly probable. And if the stranger thinks he is being watched he will behave himself just as well as though he were being watched, and the result, so far as the police are concerned, is the same.

All the places in the fast trains had been engaged for many days before, so that we were forced into a very slow one, and as the line was being constantly cleared to make way for the cars of imperial blue that bore princes and archdukes and special ambassadors, we were three days and three nights on our way to Moscow. But it was an interesting journey in spite of its interminable length, and in spite of the monotonous landscape through which we

crawled; and later, in looking back to it and comparing its lazy progress with the roar and rush and the suffocating crowds of the coronation weeks, it seemed a most peaceful and restful experience.

The land on either side of the track was as level as our Western prairie, but broken here and there with woods of trembling birch and dark fir trees. Scattered villages lay at great distances from one another and almost even with the soil, their huts of logs and mud seldom standing higher than one story, and with doors so low that a tall man could enter them only by stooping.

Between these log houses were roads which the snow and rain had changed into rivers of mud, and which seemed to lead to nowhere, but to disappear from off the face of the earth as soon as they had reached the last of each group of huts. There were no stores nor taverns nor town-halls visible from the car windows, such as one sees on our Western prairie. Instead there were

always the same low-roofed huts of logs painted brown, the church of two stories in the centre, the wide, muddy road straggling down to the station, the fields where men and women ploughed the rich chocolate-colored soil, and, overhead, countless flocks of crows that swept like black clouds across the sky. When the villages ceased the marshes began, and from them tall heron and bittern rose and sailed heavily away, answering the shrill whistle of the locomotive with their hoarse, melancholy cries. There are probably no two kinds of bird so depressing in every way as are the heron and the crow, and they seemed to typify the whole country between Alexandrov and Moscow, where, in spite of the sun that shone brilliantly and the bright moist green of the grass, there was no sign of movement or mirth or pleasure, but, instead, a hopeless, dreary silence, and the marks of an unceasing struggle for the bare right to exist.

The railroad stations were the only

bright spots on our horizon. They stood in bunches of aspen and birch trees, surrounded by neat white palings, and inside there were steaming samovars brilliantly burnished, and countless kinds of *hors d'œuvres* in little dishes on clean linen cloths, and innumerable bottles of vodki, and caviare in large tin buckets. As we never knew when we should arrive at the next station, we ate something at each one, in order that we might be sure of that much at least, and, in consequence, my chief recollection of travelling in Russia is hot tea, which we scalded ourselves in drinking, and cold caviare, and waiters in high boots, who answered our inquiries as to how long the train stopped by exclaiming, "Beefsteak," and dashing off delightedly to bring it.

At every cross-road there were little semi-official stations, with the fences and gates around them painted with the black and white stripes of the government, the whole in charge of a woman, who stood in

the road with a green flag held out straight in front of her. In Russia they feed the locomotive engines with wood as well as coal, and long before we reached a station we would know that we were approaching it by the piles of kindling heaped up on either side of the tracks for over a mile, so that the country had the appearance of one vast lumber-yard.

These piles of wood, and the black and white striped fences, and the frequent spectacle of a lonely child guarding one poor cow or a half-starved horse, with no other sign of life within miles of them, were the three things which seemed to us to be the most conspicuous and characteristic features of the eight hundred miles that stretch from the German border to the ancient capital.

All that we saw of the moujiks was at the stations, where they were gathered in silent, apathetic groups to watch the train come and go. The men were of a fine peasant type, big-boned and strong-look-

ing, with sad, unenlightened faces. They neither laughed nor joked, as loungers around the railroad stations are wont to do at home, but stood staring, with their hands tucked in their sleeves, watching the voyagers with a humble, distressed look, like that of an uncomprehending dumb animal.

They all wore long, greasy coats of sheepskin, cut in closely at the waist and spreading out like a frock to below their knees; on their feet the more well-to-do wore boots. The legs and feet of the others were wrapped closely in long linen bandages, and bound with thongs of raw-hide or plaited straw. All the men had the inevitable flat cap, which seems to be the national badge of Russia, and their hair was long and clipped off evenly in a line with their shoulders. The women dressed exactly like the men, with the same long sheepskin coats and high boots, so that it was only possible to distinguish them by the kerchief each wore round her

head. They were short and broad in stature, and so much smaller than their husbands and sons that they seemed to belong to another race, and none of them either in face or figure showed any marked trace of feminine grace or beauty.

Beyond Poland the Hebrew type, there prevalent, disappeared, of course, and the population seemed to be divided into two classes — those that wore a uniform and those that wore the sheepskin coat. But the greater number wore the uniform. There were so many of these, and they crowded each other so closely, that all the men of the nation seemed to spend their time in saluting somebody, and to enjoy doing it so much that when no one passed for some time whom they could reasonably salute, they saluted some one of equal rank to themselves. It seemed to be the national attitude.

"In this country," a man told us, "it is well to remember that every one is either master or slave. And he is likely to take

whichever position you first assign to him." Stated baldly, that sounds absurd, but in practice we found that it held good to a certain degree. If the stranger approaches the Russian official—and everybody is some sort of an official—politely and hat in hand, the Russian at once assumes an air of authority over him; but if he takes the initiative, and treats the official as a public servant, he accepts that position, and serves him so far as his authority extends.

Moscow proved to be a city of enormous extent, spread out widely over many low hills, with houses of two stories and streets of huge round cobble-stones. The houses are of stucco, topped with tin roofs painted green; and the bare public squares and lack of municipal buildings and of statues in public places give Moscow the undecorated, uncared-for look of Constantinople, or of any other half-barbaric capital where the city seems not to have been built with design, but to have grown up of itself and to have spread as it pleased.

The Kremlin, of which so much was written at the time of the coronation, is no part of the city proper. It is in it, but not of it. It is a thing alone, unlike the rest of Moscow; nor, indeed, is it like any other city in the world. Its great jagged walls encompass churches, arsenals, palaces, and convents of an architecture borrowed from India and Asia and the Europe of the Middle Ages; it is as though the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Knightsbridge Barracks were all huddled together on the Thames Embankment and shut in with monster walls, leaving the rest of London an unpicturesque waste of shops of stucco, and of churches with gilded domes instead of spires, separated by narrow and roughly hewn highways. If a high wall were built around the lower part of New York City, and across it at Rector Street, forming a triangle to the Battery, the extent of the ground it would cover would about equal

that shut in by the ramparts of the Kremlin.

At the time of the coronation the arteries of the great sprawling city that lies about this fortress were choked with hundreds of thousands of strange people. These people were never at rest; they apparently never slept nor relaxed, but turned night into day and day into night, and formed a seething, bubbling mixture of human beings, the like of which perhaps never before has been brought together in one place.

There were hundreds of thousands of Russian peasants who slept in the streets; there were tens of thousands of Russian soldiers who slept under canvas in the surrounding plains; there were princes in gold and plate-glass carriages of state; Russian generals seated behind black horses, driven three abreast, that never went at a slower pace than a gallop, so that the common people fell over one another to get out of danger; there were

ambassadors and governors of provinces, and all their wonderfully costumed suites; bare-kneed Highlanders and bare-kneed Servians; Mongolians in wrappers of fur and green brocade, with monster muffs for hats; proud little Japanese soldiers in smart French uniforms; Germans with spiked helmets; English diplomats in top hats and frock-coats, as though they were in Piccadilly; Italian officers with five-pointed stars on their collars and green cocks' feathers in their patent-leather sombreros; Hungarian nobles in fur-trimmed satins; maharajahs from the Punjab and southern India in tall turbans of silk; and masters of ceremonies and dignitaries of the Russian court in golden uniforms and with ostrich feathers in their cocked hats. And all of these millions of people were crowding each other, pushing and hurrying and worrying, each breathing more than his share of air and taking up more than his share of earth, and each of them feverish, excited, overworked and underfed,

and thinking only of himself and of his own duties—whether his duty was to leave cards at some prince's door, or to risk his life in hanging a row of lamps to a minaret in the skies; whether it was to meet an arriving archduke at the railroad station, or to beg his ambassador for places for himself and his wife on a grandstand.

Imagine a city with its every street as densely crowded as was the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair, and with as different races of people, and then add to that a Presidential convention, with its brass bands, banners, and delegates, and send into that at a gallop not one Princess Eulalie—who succeeded in upsetting the entire United States during the short time she was in it—but several hundred Princesses Eulalie and crown-princesses and kings and governors and aides-de-camp, all of whom together fail to make any impression whatsoever on the city of Moscow, and then march seventy thousand soldiers, fully armed, into that mob, and

light it with a million colored lamps, and place it under strict martial law, and you have an idea of what Moscow was like at the time of the coronation.

There were probably some one or two of that great crush who enjoyed the coronation ceremonies, but they enjoyed them best, as every one else does now, in perspective; at the time there was too much to do and too little time in which to do it—even though the sun did rise at midnight in order to give us a few more hours of day—for any one to breathe regularly or to feel at peace.

The moujik who repaired the streets may possibly, in his ignorance, have envied the visiting prince as he dashed over the stones which the moujik had just laid down with his bare hands; but the prince had probably been standing several hours in a padded uniform, with nothing to eat and nothing to smoke, and was going back to his embassy to jump into another padded uniform and to stand for a few hours

longer, until, as he drove back again and saw the moujik stretched for the night on his pile of cobble-stones, he probably envied him and said, "Look at that lazy dog sleeping peacefully, while I must put on my fourth uniform to-day, and stand up in tight boots at a presentation of felicitations and at a court ball at which no one is allowed to dance." In those days you could call no man happy unless you knew the price he paid for his happiness.

A large number of the people in Moscow at that time might have been divided into two classes: those who were there officially, and who had every minute of their stay written out for them, and who longed for a moment's rest; and those who were there unofficially, and who worried themselves and every one over them in trying to see the same functions and ceremonies from which the officials were as sincerely anxious to be excused. As a rule, when the visitor first arrived in Moscow he found enough of interest in the place it-

self to content him, and did not concern himself immediately with the ceremonies or court balls; he considered, rightly enough, that the decorations in the streets and the congress of strange people from all parts of the world which he saw about him formed a spectacle which in itself repaid him for his journey. He found the city hung with thousands of flags and banners; with Venetian masts planted at the street corners and in the open squares; with rows of flags on ropes, hiding the sky as completely as do the clothes that swing on lines from the back windows of New York tenements. The streets were tunnels of colored bunting by day and valleys of colored lights by night; false façades of electric bulbs had been built before the palaces, theatres, and the more important houses, and colored glass bowls in the forms of gigantic stars and crowns and crosses, or in letters that spelled the names of the young Czar and Czarina, were reared high in the air, so that they

burned against the darkness like pieces of stationary fireworks.

There were miles and miles of these necklaces of lamps, and people in strange costumes and uniforms moved between them, with their faces now illuminated, as though by the sun's rays, by great wheels of revolving electric-light bulbs, and now dyed red or blue or green, as though they were figures in a ballet on the stage.

But the visitor who was quite satisfied with this free out-of-door illumination at night, or with wandering around, Baedeker in hand, by day, soon learned that there were other sights to see behind doors which were not free, and access to which could not be bought with roubles, and he at once joined the vast army of the discontented. Sometimes he wanted one thing, and again another; it might be that he aspired only to a seat on a tribune from which to watch the parade pass, or it might be that he longed for an invitation to the ball at the French Embassy; but, what-

ever it was, he made life a torment to himself and to his official representative until he obtained it. The story of the struggles of the visitors to the coronation to be present at this or that ceremony would fill many pages in itself; and it might, if truthfully set down, make humorous reading now. But it was a desperate business then, and heart-burnings and envy and all uncharitableness ruled when Mrs. A. was invited to a state dinner and Mrs. B. was not, or when an aide-de-camp obtained a higher place on the tribune than did any of his brother officers.

There was what was called a court list, or the distinguished strangers' list, and that was the root of all the evil; for when the visitor succeeded in getting his name on that list his struggles were at an end, and he saw at least half of all there was to see, and received large engraved cards from the Emperor, and his soul was at peace.

And it may be considered a tribute to the personal regard in which our minister

is held in St. Petersburg that he was able to place more of his countrymen on that list than were the ambassadors of any other country. It might be urged that several of these *étrangers de distinction* from the United States had never been heard of at home until they got their names upon that list, but that is the more reason why they should feel grateful to a minister who had sufficient influence with the Russian court to do well by those who had never done very well by themselves.

Much was written, previous to the formal entrance of the Czar into Moscow, of the precautions which were being taken to guard against any attack upon his person, and this feature of the procession was dwelt upon so continually that it assumed an importance which it did not deserve. Moscow is the holy city of Russia, and the Czar, as the head of the Orthodox Church, was, as a matter of fact, in greater safety while there than he might have been in any other part of his empire. The people

THE CZAR IN HIS STATE ENTRY INTO MOSCOW

of Moscow are, outwardly at least, most fervently religious; the daily routine of their lives is filled with devotional exercises, and the symbols of their Church hang in each room of each house, and are not only before their eyes, but in their minds as well. For no devout Russian enters even a shop without showing deference to the shrine which is sure to be fastened in some one of its four corners, and in the streets he is confronted at every fifty yards of his progress by other shrines and altars set in the walls and by churches, so that in his walks abroad he is so constantly engaged in the exercise of crossing himself or of removing his cap that it is more accurate to say of him that his prayers are occasionally interrupted than that he frequently stops to pray. You will see a porter who is staggering under a heavy burden stop and put it down upon the pavement and repeat his prayers before he picks it up again, and he will do this three or four times in the

course of half an hour's walk; troops of cavalry come to a halt and remove their hats and pray while passing a church; and when the bells ring, even the policeman standing in the middle of the street, splattered by mud and threatened by galloping droschkas, crosses himself and repeats his prayers bareheaded, while you try vainly to imagine a policeman on Broadway taking off his helmet and doing the same thing. In the restaurants there is a like show of devotion on the part of the waiters, who stand beside your table muttering a prayer to themselves, while you allow your food to grow cold rather than interrupt them.

This illustrates the reverential feeling of the people who welcomed the Czar, whom they regard as the living representative of the Church on earth; so, naturally, his chief protection came not from his detectives, but from this feeling for him in the hearts of his subjects.

But in a gathering of four hundred thou-

sand people, anywhere in the world, there is likely to be a madman or two. President Carnot and President Faure, who could not be called autocratic rulers, found that this was so, and it was against the possibility of this chance madman, and not through any distrust of the mass of the Russian people, that precautions were taken.

Almost every function connected with the Czar's coronation was described on the official programme as "solennel"; even the banquets were solemn, and the entrance of the Czar and his progress from outside the gates to the Kremlin within was more than solemn; it was magnificent, imposing, and beautiful, and in its historical value and in its pomp and stateliness without comparison. Those who expected to see the splendor of a half-barbaric court found a pageant in which no detail was in bad taste, and those who came prepared to exclaim at all they saw sat hushed in wonder. It was as solemn a spectacle as the annual progress of the Pope through the Church of

St. Peter, as beautiful as a picture of fairyland, and as significant in its suggestion of hidden power as a moving line of battleships. For an hour and a half the procession passed like a panorama of majesty and wealth and beauty, and as silently as a dream, while all about it the air was broken by the booming of cannon as though the city were besieged, and the clashing of bells, and the curious moaning cheer of the Russian people. In this procession were the representatives of what had once been eighteen separate governments, each of which now bowed in allegiance to the Russian Emperor. They appeared in their national costumes and with their own choice of arms, and they represented among them a hundred millions of people, and each of them bore himself as though his chief pride was that he owed allegiance to a young man twenty-eight years old, a young man who never would be seen by his countrymen in the distant provinces from which he came, to

whom the Czar was but a name and a symbol, but a symbol to which they prayed, and for which they were prepared to give up their lives.

Among these people, whose place was in the van of the procession, were the tall Cossacks in long scarlet tunics, their breasts glittering with silver cartridge-cases, and their heads surmounted with huge turbans of black Astrakhan; dwarfish soldiers from Finland, short and squat like Esquimaux; yellow-faced Tartars in furs, and Mongolians in silver robes; wild-eyed, long-haired horsemen from Toorkistan and the Pamirs, with spear points as long as a sword blade; and the gentlemen of the Chevaliers Gardes and of the Garde à Cheval, in coats of ivory-white with silver breastplates, and helmets of gold on which perched the double eagle of Russia in burnished silver.

Behind these came many open carriages of gold, lined with scarlet velvet, in which sat the ministers of the court, holding their

wands of office, and after them servants of the Emperor's household on foot in gold-laced coats and white silk stockings and white wigs; masters of horse rode beside them, with coats all of gold, both back and front, and with sleeves and collars of gold; and behind them the most picturesque feature of the whole pageant, the bronzed, fiercely bearded huntsmen of the Emperor, the men who throttle the wolves with their bare hands until the dogs rush in and pull them down, dressed in high boots and green coats, and armed with long glittering knives; following them were gigantic negroes in baggy trousers and scarlet jackets — a relic of the days of Catherine — whose duty it is to guard with their lives the entrance to the royal bedchamber; and after them footmen dressed as you see them in the old prints, with ostrich plumes and tall wands—descendants of the time when a footman ran on foot before his master's carriage and did not ride comfortably on the box-seat.

After these, beneath the fluttering flags and between the double row of fifty thousand glittering bayonets, and under as bright a sun as ever shone, came a resplendent group of mounted men in uniforms that differed in everything save magnificence, and in the fact that over the breast of each was drawn the blue sash of the Order of St. Andrew. These riders were the grand-dukes of Russia, the visiting heirs-apparent and princes, and the dukes and archdukes from England, Germany, Italy, Greece, and Austria—from all over the world, from the boy Prince of Montenegro to the boy Prince of Siam.

They rode without apparent order, although their places were as fixed as the stars in their orbits, and they formed the most remarkable mounted escort that this century has seen; and in front of them, riding quite alone, and dressed more simply than any one in the procession, came the young Czar, turning his face slightly from side to side, and with his white-

gloved hand touching his Astrakhan cap. The house-tops rocked and the sidewalks seemed to surge and sway with waving caps and upraised hands, and the groaning, awe-struck cheer rose to one great general acclamation which drowned the bells and the booming cannon.

But it rose still higher when, following the Czar's escort of princes, came the Dowager Empress. It was she who was more loudly greeted than either the Emperor or the Czarina, for the people have loved her longer, and she has made them worship her through many acts of clemency and kindness, and perhaps far more than all else through her devotion to her husband during his six months' illness, when she sat day and night at his bedside.

Behind the Dowager Empress came the state carriage of the Czarina. It was drawn by eight snow-white horses in trappings of broad red morocco leather, covered with heavy gold mountings. The harness had been made in Paris, and the gold had been

THE CZARINA'S CARRIAGE IN THE STATE PROCESSION

engraved in the Rue de la Paix. Each horse, that would have preferred a mouthful of oats, ground his teeth on a gold bit as big around as a man's thumb, and as delicately chased and engraved as a monogram on a watch, and wore ostrich feathers on his head, and ten thousand dollars' worth of harness on his back. The ten different sets of harness used in the procession cost the Russian government one million dollars. Each horse that drew the Czarina's chariot had an attendant in a cap of ostrich feathers and a coat of gold, who led him by a silken rein, and two giants, seven feet high, strode beside the wheels, and two little pages sat with their backs to the driver on his gold throne, and regarded the Czarina through a screen of glass as the young Empress smiled and bowed to her adopted people through the windows of her Cinderella chariot. Great artists had decorated the panels of this carriage, and masterworkmen had carved its gold sides and wheels and axles; plumes of white and

black and orange ostrich feathers nodded and swayed from its top of scarlet velvet, and the gold-embroidered cushions inside gave it the appearance of a sumptuous jewel-box fashioned to hold this most beautiful princess in her gown of silver, with her ermine cloak fallen back from her bare shoulders, and with diamonds hanging from her neck to her knees, and with diamonds high upon her head.

In the train of the Czarina were grand-duchesses and maids of honor in still more fairy carriages; and then, when it seemed impossible to add another touch of splendor to that which had already passed, the nature of the procession, as though by a piece of clever stage-management, suddenly changed, and in magnificent contrast to the grace and wealth and feminine beauty which had gone before came three miles of armed and mounted men, the picked horsemen of Russia, crowding so closely together that one saw nothing of the street over which they passed, but only an un-

broken mass of tossing manes and flashing breastplates and fluttering pennants, and one heard only the ceaseless tramp of horses' hoofs and the clank of steel.

The crowning and chrismation of the Czar of Russia was to the rest of the world a beautiful spectacle, but to the Russian it was an affair of the most tremendous religious significance. How serious this point of view was is shown in an extract from the official explanation of the coronation, the authorized guide to the service, which was printed in four languages and furnished to those who witnessed the ceremony. It is interesting to note that in the paragraph quoted here the capital letters are about equally divided between the ruling family and the Deity:

"The Royal power in Russia, from the time that she was formed into an empire, forms the heart of the nation. All Russia prays for the Tsar, as for her father; from Him descends grace & benevo-

lence upon His subjects, in Him all good finds support & protection, & evil merited punishment. In the instance of the Autocrat of Russia we see that the Tsars reign by the Lord. God Almighty has often manifested His affection for the Russian people on their Tsar. The affection of the Lord rests on the Ruling House & the right hand of the Almighty guards, removes & saves It from all misfortunes & evils."

This is the spirit in which the coronation is regarded by the orthodox Russian; and the desire simply to be near the cathedral where this ceremony was taking place was what brought hundreds of thousands of Russians of all classes to Moscow and to the walls of the Kremlin, so that when the sun rose resplendent on the day of the coronation, the high banks of that fortress, the streets around it, the bridges and open squares, and the shores of the river which cuts Moscow in two, were black with the people who had spent the night in the open air, who followed the coronation from point to point of the service by the aid of the bells and the cannon,

and who fell upon their knees or lifted their voices in prayer in unison with those within the walls of the Church of the Assumption.

The story of how these latter were admitted to the Church of the Assumption would be extremely interesting reading if the masters of ceremonies would choose to tell it. The matter cost these dignitaries many sleepless nights, and where it made them one friend it made them a dozen enemies. It was an extremely difficult task, for on account of the lack of space in the cathedral it was quite impossible to give room there to many who would have been entitled to a place in it if their official importance and not their physical size had been the deciding-point; but as it was, the question became not whom "the Ceremonies" could please by admitting, but whom they could least offend by keeping out. In order to satisfy these latter, tribunes were arranged around the cathedral, and those who sat on cer-

tain tribunes were supposed to be officially present at the coronation. This may explain what is meant by several well-known people when they say they saw the coronation of the Czar; officially speaking, they were present, but in much the same sense that the ruler of England is supposed to be present on the bridge of every English man-of-war, so that an officer always salutes when he mounts the companionway of that structure; but, as a matter of fact, these latter only saw the procession as the Czar and the Czarina entered and left the cathedral, and that in itself was worth travelling four thousand miles to see.

Those who saw the actual ceremony were members of the imperial family and the most important of the Russian nobles, the visiting princes, the heads of resident and special embassies and legations, and, in a few instances, their first secretaries, the aides-de-camp of the foreign princes, and a few correspondents and

artists. An ambassador who happened to be unmarried was a man among men to "the Ceremonies," and a prince who did not insist on having the commander-in-chief of his army standing at his side filled their eyes with tears of joy. It was their duty to decide between an aide-de-camp from Bulgaria and a Russian ambassador at home on leave, a Japanese prince and an English general, a German duchess and the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*. It was a matter of so many square inches chiefly, and one man or woman who got in kept a dozen applicants for the space out; and the pressure that was brought to bear in order to gain a footing—and a footing was actually all one obtained—threatened the peace of Europe, and caused tears of disappointment and wounds that will rankle in the breasts of noble Russian families for years to come.

Personally I knew nothing of the struggles of any save the correspondents, and

they were sufficient in themselves to hold my undivided attention for ten days and ten nights. There were three hundred correspondents, speaking eleven different languages, and each advanced his individual claims and the claims of the periodical he represented with a pertinacity and vigor worthy of a great cause. It is a small thing now, but at the time life did not seem worth living unless you were to be admitted to the cathedral, and then even it did not mean so much to get in as it did to have come that distance and to be kept out. A great political party backed the men who represented the official organ of that party; banking houses, cabinet ministers, ladies of high degree, ambassadors, and princes brought financial, social, and political influence into the fight, and lobbied, bribed, and cajoled for their favorites with a skill and show of feeling that reminded one of the struggles among the delegates at a Presidential convention in Chicago; while the Russian

officials, bewildered, dazed, and driven to distraction, maintained throughout an absolute silence as to who might be the fortunate ones, and by so doing kept the struggles raging round their heads until the very eve of the coronation. They even refused hope to one man, an English artist named Forrestier, who came with a letter of introduction from Queen Victoria to the Grand-Duchess Sergius, which fact had naturally a somewhat depressing effect upon those who had no queens to push them forward; and even men like Sir Donald McKenzie Wallace, who represented the *Times*, and Sir Edwin Arnold, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, did not know that their calling and election was by any means sure.

In the end "the Ceremonies" turned away such men as Frederick Villiers, who had been present at the last coronation, and who was one of the four correspondents who had followed the Russian army from the beginning of the Russian-Turk-

ish war to the fall of Plevna; so that those who got in cannot feel that they did so on the principle of the selection of the fittest. It was represented in my behalf that anything that was written in a magazine would be more easy of access in the future, and would have a more lasting quality than that which appeared in the more ephemeral columns of a daily paper; so I was admitted because I represented a magazine, and in spite of the fact, and not on account of the fact, that I was also cabling to a New York paper. But without the help of the American minister, and the members of the visiting and resident American legations—and Trowbridge—I could not have got in. The members of our legations who were present in the chapel were six: they were the American minister, Mr. Clifton R. Breckinridge, and Mrs. Breckinridge, General Alexander McD. McCook and Mrs. McCook, Admiral Selfridge, and Mrs. Peirce, the wife of the secretary of legation,

who was admitted even though her husband for some unknown reason was not. The New York *Herald* was represented, but by two Englishmen, Aubrey Stanhope and Sir Edwin Arnold; the American Associated Press by another Englishman, named Watson; the United Press of America by Louis Moore, an American; and *Harper's Magazine* and the New York *Journal* by myself.

These six officials and Louis Moore, who represented seventeen hundred papers, and the writer were the only Americans in the cathedral—eight in all.

Admittance to the cathedral and to the Kremlin itself was hedged about with much formality, and to one who did not speak or read Russian the attempt was something of an ordeal, and attended with a nervous fear of being turned back at the last moment and when within sight of the goal. I was required to show a ticket, which my driver wore in his hat, before I could pass the police lines in the streets;

another ticket was necessary to enter the gates of the Kremlin; there was a card of invitation to the palace after the coronation, and one more for the cathedral, and with it a badge in the shape of a gold crown and a bow of the blue ribbon of the order of St. Andrew. Besides these, I had to carry a photograph, stamped and sealed for identification by the police, and a blue and white enamelled star, which showed that I was an accredited correspondent.

The word "cathedral" has misled many people in regard to the size of the church in which the coronation took place, as have also the photographs of its exterior. The Church of the Assumption is really more of a chapel than a cathedral, and is cut in two by a great gold screen, so that those who witnessed the ceremony were crowded into a space only one-half as large as that suggested by those pictures which show the building from the outside. This space is about as large as

the stage of a New York theatre. It is hemmed in by three walls and the high gold screen which separates the altar and the sacred tombs and the holy relics from the rest of the cathedral. These walls are overlaid from the floor to the dome above with gold-leaf, upon which are frescos of the saints in dark blues and reds and greens, each saint wearing around his head a halo of gold studded with precious stones. The screen is a wall in itself; the gold upon it alone weighs five tons, and the figures of holy men in fresco and mosaic with which it is decorated are covered with rows of pearls and hung with emeralds, rubies, and diamonds. In the centre of this hall of precious stones and pure gold are four great pillars, the lower half of which were wrapped about for the coronation in heavy folds of purple velvet. On a platform stretched between these pillars, under a canopy of velvet stamped with the double eagle of Russia and bearing tufts of ostrich feathers of

orange, black, and white, were the three thrones. The Czar's throne was in the centre, on the left of it the Czarina's, and that of the Dowager Empress was at the right. His was of silver inlaid with great blue turquoises; the Czarina's of ivory, carved with scenes of the chase; that of the Dowager Empress was of silver studded with all manner of precious stones, including eight hundred and eighty diamonds.

The light that illuminated the chapel came through long stained-glass windows, and from twinkling lamps fastened by chains to the dusky dome above, and as the sun entered the place its long rays of colored light pierced the smoke of the incense and regilded the walls, passing from one jewelled saint to the next, so that the dull stones gleamed and shone, and the jewels on the lamps, as they turned and twisted, coruscated and flashed in the dim heights above like the hidden treasures in the cave of Monte Cristo.

It is difficult to know what to tell of

the ceremony of the coronation—what to leave unsaid and what to say. The story might be written by twenty different men, each writing in much greater detail than is allowed in the space of this single article, and yet all would not be told; nor might any two tell of the same thing. It would depend upon the point of view. The story might be told as it appealed to the sad-eyed priest in his long, unkempt hair and beard, and robe of gold —the devout Muscovite to whom the dignitaries present were but as actors on a stage, in comparison with the sacred character of the chapel itself and with the holy relics it contained. That one emerald alone in the great gold wall was worth a king's ransom would mean nothing to one who believed that St. Paul with his own hands had painted the picture beneath it, and that a part of the robe of our Saviour and a nail of the true cross lay hidden under the same dome which sheltered these women with bare shoulders, and

these princes of a day in their tinsel and diamond stars. Or why should he consider the deeds of these famous generals when one of the holy pictures in his keeping had turned back Tamerlane and his whole army? Could the grizzled old warrior Gourko, or the big kindly eyed English general Grenfell, the hero of the Soudan, or the little dark-skinned Yamagata, have done more?

Or the story might be told by one of the ambassadors in the front row of the tribune, who would see in the ceremony and in the display and publicity given it a new departure for Russia, a bid, as it were, for the attention of the world. To him the people themselves would be the essential feature. He would see a half-confessed alliance in the position assigned a brother ambassador, or read a promise of marriage in the triumphant smile of one of the visiting princes. His story would have been one full of diplomatic secrets, which is only another word for

the gossip of diplomats; and he would have been delighted to explain why the representative of the United States, instead of ranking with the ambassadors of other powers nearly as great as his own, stood below the minister from a little kingdom as small as Rhode Island, and not half so important, except for a lurid past; and why the Austrian ambassador, the representative of an emperor, and a prince in his own right, had been given the Grand Cross of St. Andrew, as though he were a ruling monarch, on the evening of one day, and had been asked to give it back before breakfast on the following morning. He would have told you that the reason the English bishop, with his mitre and crook, sat in a higher place than the papal nuncio was because the Greek Church was coquetting with the Church of England, and that the English ambassador, being a Roman Catholic, had chosen not to recognize the peer of the English Church or to present him to the

Czar, and that the Czar was indignant accordingly; but how much more serious than this was the silly act of his confrère, the French ambassador, who had nearly undone what his country was striving to bring about, by refusing to kiss the Czarina's hand, because, forsooth! the poor little soul held that act of homage to be unbecoming in a representative of a free republic. As though discourtesy had ever been a sign of independence, or as though kissing the hand of a woman could bring anything but honor to any man, even to a Frenchman whose republicanism has not become so serious that it has made him forego his title.

There were enough stories, besides, to fill many books—stories of the men present who had been busy for the last quarter of a century in making the history of the world; stories full of romance and intrigue; stories of love and of battle. There was the sailor prince who had saved the Czar's life from the sword of

an assassin; the Russian prince who is to build a railroad from Paris to Pekin, and who learned how it could be done as a mechanic in the machine-shops of Altoona; there was the Bulgarian prince, with hooked nose and with jewels to his nails, who changed his child's religion to pay for a ticket of admission to this ceremony.

Or the story of one stone alone among the thousands flashing in the light would read like a romance if it were told in detail—how it gleamed once in the dark shades of a Hindoo temple in the brow of a god, how a private soldier with a bayonet in his profane hands dug it out and carried it for months in his knapsack, how it lay tossed by the waves in the sea-chest of a sailor, who sold it to a Jew dealer in Hatton Garden, who passed it on, until its last owner exchanged it for a title and five million francs and a yearly pension of two thousand roubles. And so it rests at last at the end of the Czar's

sceptre, and on account of its great estate one must now back away from it, when he is allowed to look at the regalia, as he would from royalty itself, or as the Hindoos bowed before it long ago when the Orloff diamond was the eye of the great god Siva.

The coronation as a picture was much more beautiful than any one could possibly have imagined it was going to be, and the scene would have been even more impressive if the people had not been so closely crowded together that the colors of the uniforms and court dresses with their ornaments and decorations were lost in the press of numbers. As it was, except in the case of a very tall man or a particularly lofty tiara, you saw only those who stood in the front rows, and the epaulets or coronets of the many behind them. They were so close together, indeed, that when the moment came when all should have knelt and the Emperor alone should have remained standing,

there was not room for the men to kneel, and many of them were forced to merely bend forward, supporting themselves on the shoulders of those already kneeling.

The tribune to the right of the thrones was the one most closely crowded. It held the grand-duchesses and the ladies of the court, who were in the native costume of the country, and who wore the diamonds for which that country is celebrated. On the tribune immediately behind the throne stood the Russian senators in magnificent coats of gold, with boots to the hip and white leather breeches, and with ostrich feathers in their peaked hats; with them were the correspondents, the Germans and Russians in military uniforms, the Englishmen in their own court dress, and the Frenchmen and Americans in evening dress, which at that hour of the morning made them look as though they had been up all night. The diplomats and their wives, and the visiting commanders-in-chief and gen-

erals of armies from all over the world, occupied the third tribune to the left of the throne, and formed the most splendid and gorgeous group of all. Around the platform itself were the princes and grand-dukes glittering with the chains and crosses of the imperial orders, and between the screen and the platform the priests moved to and fro in jewelled mitres as large as a diver's helmet, and in robes stiff with gold and precious stones, their vestments flashing like the scales of goldfish. For five hours the sun shone dimly through the stained glass and boldly through the high open doors on this mass of color and mixture of jewels, so that the eye grew wearied as it flashed from sword hilts and epaulets or passed lightly from shining silks and satins to touch tiaras and coronets, falling for one instant upon the white hair of some red and grizzled warrior, or caressing the shoulders and face of some beautiful girl.

But nothing in the whole drama of the

morning presented so impressive a picture as did the young Empress when she first entered the chapel and stood before her throne. Of all the women there she was the most simply robed, and of all the women there she was by far the most beautiful. A single string of pearls was her only ornament, and her hair, which was worn like that of a Russian peasant girl, fell in two long plaits over her bare shoulders—bare even of a strap, of a bow, of a jewel—and her robe of white and silver was as simple as that of a child going to her first communion. As she stepped upon the dais the color in her cheeks was high, and her eyes were filled with that shyness or melancholy which her pictures have made familiar; and in contrast with the tiaras and plumes and necklaces of the ladies of the court surrounding her, she looked more like Iphigenia going to the sacrifice than the queen of the most powerful empire in the world waiting to be crowned.

The most interesting part of the ceremony, perhaps, was when the Czar changed from a bareheaded young officer in a colonel's uniform, with his trousers stuck in his boots, to an emperor in the most magnificent robes an emperor could assume, and when the Czarina followed him, and from the peasant girl became a queen, with the majesty of a queen, and with the personal beauty which the queens of our day seem to have lost. When the moment had arrived for this transformation to take place, the Czar's uncle, the Grand-Duke Vladimir, and his younger brother Alexander lifted the collars of the different orders from the Czar's shoulders, but in doing this the Grand-Duke Vladimir let one of the stars fall, which seemed to hold a superstitious interest for both of them. They then fastened upon his shoulders the imperial mantle of gold cloth, which is some fifteen feet in length, with a cape of ermine, and covered with the double eagle of Russia in black enamel and precious

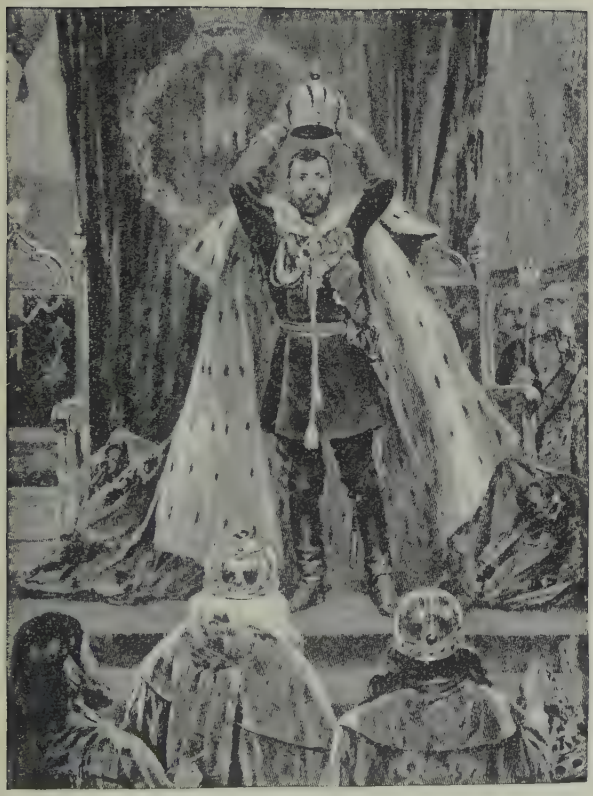
stones. Over this they placed the broad diamond Collar of St. Andrew, which sank into the bed of snowy white fur, and lay glimmering and flashing as the Emperor moved forward to take the imperial diadem from the hands of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg.

The crown was a marvellous thing, fashioned in two halves to typify the eastern and western kingdoms, formed entirely of white diamonds, and surmounted by a great glowing ruby, above which was a diamond cross. The Czar lifted this flashing globe of flame and light high above him, and then lowered it to his head, and took the sceptre in his right hand and the globe in the left.

When the Czar seated himself upon the throne, the Czarina turned and raised her eyes questioningly; and then, in answer to some sign he made her, she stood up and walked to a place in front of him, and sank down upon her knees at his feet, with her bare hands clasped before

her. He rested his crown for an instant on her brow, and then replacing it upon his own head, lowered a smaller crown of diamonds upon hers. Three ladies-in-waiting fastened it to her hair with long gold hair-pins, the Czar watching them as they did so with the deepest interest; and then, as they retired, two of the grand-dukes placed a mantle similar to the Czar's upon her shoulders, and hung another diamond collar upon the ermine of her cape, and she stepped back to her throne of ivory and he to his throne of turquoise. The supreme moment had come and gone, and Nicholas II. and Alexandra Feodorovna sat crowned before the nations of the world.

Some one made a signal through the open door, and the diplomats on the tribunes outside rose to their feet and the crush of moujiks below them sank on their knees, and the regiments of young peasant soldiers flung their guns at salute, and the bells of the churches



THE CZAR PLACES THE CROWN ON HIS HEAD

carried the news over the heads of the kneeling thousands across the walls of the Kremlin to where one hundred and one cannon hurled it on across the river and up to the highest hill of Moscow, where the modern messengers of good and evil began to tick it out to Odessa, to Constantinople, to Berlin, to Paris, to the rocky coast of Penzance, where it slipped into the sea and hurried on under the ocean to the illuminated glass face in the Cable Company's tall building on Broadway, until the world had been circled, and the answering congratulations came pouring into Moscow while the young Emperor still stood under the dome of the little chapel.

The most interesting part of the ceremony that followed was the presentation of felicitations by the visiting princes and princesses. It was interesting because the usual position of things was reversed, and the royalties who watch with smiles the courtesies and bows of the humbly born

who come to their levees and presentations were now forced to bow and courtesy, and the lowly born were the smiling, critical spectators.

And it was satisfactory to find that the royalties were quite as awkward over it and as embarrassed as was ever any young débutante at a Buckingham Palace Drawing Room. What they had to do was simple enough. They had each to cross the platform, to kiss the Czar on the cheek and the Czarina on the hand alone, and if it were a woman who was presenting her congratulations, to turn her cheek to the Czarina to kiss in return. The same ceremony was required for the Dowager Empress as for the Czarina. It does not sound difficult, but not more than six out of a hundred did what they had been told to do, and each of them hurried through with it as quickly as possible, and with an expression of countenance that betokened anything rather than smiling congratulations. For from their point of view all their little world was look-

THE CZAR CROWNING THE CZARINA

ing on at them, all their princely cousins and kingly nephews and royal uncles and aunts were standing by to see, and for the brief moment in which each passed across the platform and most unwillingly held the centre of the stage, he felt that the whole of Europe was considering his appearance, and criticising his bow, and counting the number of times he kissed or was kissed in return. The Duke of Connaught, being the Czarina's uncle, was the only man who kissed her; and the Prince of Naples, the heir to the throne of Italy, did not even kiss the Czar, but gave each of them a hand timidly, and then backed away as though he were afraid they would kiss him in spite of himself. Some of the royalties, in their embarrassment, assumed a most severe and disapproving air, as did the Queen of Greece, a very handsome woman in fur, who, in contrast to the simpers of the others and in order to show how self-possessed she was, scowled at the young couple like Lady Macbeth in the sleep-

walking scene. Others looked as though they were saying good-night to their hostess, and assuring her that they had had a very pleasant evening; but a few were deeply moved, and kissed the Czar's diamond collar as a sign of fealty, and some of the Russian nobles bowed very low, and then kissed the Czarina's bare shoulder.

After the congratulations the ceremony was continued by the priests alone, who chanted and prayed for nearly two hours, during which time the Czar and Czarina took but little part in the service beyond crossing themselves at certain intervals. The strain became very great; it was impossible to keep one's attention fixed on the strange music of the choir or on the unfamiliar chanting of the priests, and people began to whisper to one another, until at the end of the ceremony almost every one was whispering as though he were at an afternoon tea.

It was not that there was any disrespect

felt, but that it had become physically impossible, after six hours of silence and of remaining wedged in an upright position in one place, to maintain an attentive attitude of either mind or body.

But the priests ceased at last, and the most solemn ceremony of the chrismation was reached, and the Czar passed from sight through the jewelled door of the screen, while his young wife, who could not enter with him, waited, praying for him beside the picture of the Virgin. When he came forth again the tears were streaming down his cheeks and beard, and he bent and kissed the Empress like a man in a dream, as though during the brief space in which he had stood in the holy of holies he had been face to face with the mysteries of another world.

That was the end of the ceremony of the coronation, and let us hope it will be a long time before there will be another one.

In looking back at it now, it seems to me that what made it most impressive

was the youth of the Czar and Czarina. There was something in the sweet girlishness of her manner, and of the dauntlessness of the boy in his, that gave them both an inexpressible hold upon your interest and your sympathy. It was not as though they had been looking forward to this hour for many years, until it had lost its first meaning and was now the payment for a long period of apprenticeship, until it had been lived so often in anticipation that when it came it was only a form. It was not as though he had grown cynical and stout, and she gray-haired and hardened to it all; but, instead, she looked like a bride upon her wedding-day, and you could see in his face, white and drawn with hours of prayer and fasting, and in the tears that wet his cheeks, how strongly he was moved, and you could imagine what he felt when he looked forward into the many years to come and again saw himself as he was at that moment, a boy of twenty-eight, taking in his hands the insignia of

absolute sovereignty over the bodies of one hundred million people, and on his lips the most sacred oaths to protect the welfare of one hundred million souls.

THE MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BUDAPEST

THE MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BUDAPEST

THERE were two great state ceremonials in two great countries last year; one was advertised in every tongue that speaks through a printing-press, and the fame of it was carried by word of mouth from the Persian Gulf to the mountains of Tibet, from Pekin to Melbourne, and drew four hundred thousand strangers to the city of Moscow. The other was not advertised at all, and the number of fortunate foreigners who found it out, and who journeyed to Budapest to witness it, could almost have been counted on the fingers of two hands. The Coronation at Moscow was very much more than a state ceremonial; it was planned and carried

out with the purpose of impressing other states. It marked a new departure in the self-sufficient, solitary attitude of the Russian Empire, and apart from all the solemn significance it held for the Russian people, it was distinctly a play at the royal boxes of Europe and the grandstands of the world.

The millennial celebration at Budapest, where the nobles of all the counties of Hungary met to swear allegiance to the King and his crown, differed from it as greatly in comparison as does a quiet family wedding, between two people who love each other dearly, differ from a royal alliance brought about for political reasons, and the importance of which is exaggerated as greatly as possible.

This gathering of the clans in Hungary for the Banderium, as the ceremony was called, was probably suggested by the success of the Exposition at Budapest and by the completion of the Houses of Parliament in that city. The nobles wished to

take advantage of the presence in that double capital of the many Hungarians who had been brought there by the Exposition, and to signalize the initiation of the Houses of Parliament by some extraordinary event; so this ceremony which celebrated the one thousandth year of the existence of Hungary as a kingdom was suggested, and later was carried through in a manner which made it one of the historical spectacles of the century.

Budapest, as everybody knows, is formed of two cities, separated by the Danube, and joined together like New York and Brooklyn by great bridges. Buda is a city hundreds of years old, and rises on a great hill covered with yellow houses with red-tiled roofs, and surmounted by fortresses and ancient German-looking castles, and the palace of the King, with terraces of marble and green gardens running down to meet the river. It still is a picturesque, fortified city of the Middle Ages.

Pesth, just across the way, is the most

modern city in Europe; more modern than Paris, better paved, and better lighted; with better facilities for rapid transit than New York, and with Houses of Parliament as massive and impressive as those on the banks of the Thames, and not unlike them in appearance. Pesth is the Yankee city of the Old World, just as the Hungarians are called the Americans of Europe. It has grown in forty years, and it has sacrificed neither beauty of space nor line in growing. It has magnificent public gardens, as well as a complete fire department; it has the best club in the world, the Park Club; and it has found time to put electric tramways underground, and to rear monuments to poets, orators, and patriots aboveground. People in Berlin and Vienna tell you that some day all of these things will disappear and go to pieces, that Pesth is enjoying a "boom," and that the boom will pass and leave only the buildings and electric plants and the car-tracks, with no money in the treasury to make the wheels

THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

go round. This may or may not be true, but let us hope it is only the envy and uncharitableness of the Austrian and German mind that sees nothing in progress but disaster, and makes advancement spell ruin. People who live in a city where one is asked to show a passport, a certificate of good health, a police permit, and a residence-card in order to be allowed to mount a bicycle, as I was asked to do in Berlin, can hardly be expected to look with favor on their restless, ambitious young neighbors of the Balkans.

All of this, however, has little to do with the Banderium, except that it is interesting to find a people as poetic and picturesque, and as easily moved as are the Hungarians, showing an active concern in municipal government, in the latest inventions in hotel-elevators and smokeless powder; and to find men who are pushing Hungary ahead of all the other "old-established" monarchies of Europe, and who are delighting in electric tramways and

horseless carriages, dressing themselves in the chain-armor of their ancestors, and weeping over a battered gold crown.

The descendants of the men who fought for what is now Hungary, and what was a thousand years ago many separate states and provinces and principalities, were the men who formed the Banderium last June, and who swore allegiance to the crown which Pope Sylvester VII. gave to Prince Ithen nine centuries before they were born.

It was in their eyes a very solemn ceremony, much too solemn for them to advertise it to the world, as they had advertised their Exposition. In consequence, few people saw the spectacle, and it has passed away almost unchronicled, which is most unfortunate, as all of those who took part in the wonderful pageant will have been dust for some nine hundred years before there will be another.

The Hungarian nobles who were to ride in the procession, the dignitaries of the

Austrian Court, the Diplomatic Corps from Vienna, all poured into Pesth on the 7th of June.

At that time the city was beautifully dressed in honor of their coming. Arches and banners shaded the streets, and grandstands, covered with red cloth and ornamented with fluttering flags, lined the route of the procession from the new Houses of Parliament, across the bridges, up the green hill-sides of Buda to the Emperor's palace, where the nobles were to pass in review before marching back to Pesth. The Exposition had already filled the town with Hungarians and Austrians, and every hotel was overcrowded, and every café chantant overflowed upon the pavements, and the music of the Tziganes rose and fell at each street-corner. Peasant men in snow-white petticoats and high boots and broad sombreros, with silver buttons on their coats and waistcoats, and peasant women in velvet bodices and gayly colored kerchiefs, filled the Exposition grounds and paraded

the streets in groups of twenty or thirty from each village; soldiers in skin-tight breeches, and gypsies and mountaineers, tanned to a dark-red brown, with short china pipes hanging from their lips, swaggered past in national costumes that have not changed in so much as the matter of a red sash, or a silver jacket, or an embroidered cap, from what they were a hundred years ago.

The visiting strangers made their headquarters at the unique club of which I have already spoken; at least, they met there every evening, and those who were dining out at some official banquet hurried there as soon as they were free. It was a most remarkable club and a most remarkable gathering. The club itself is the hobby of two Hungarian gentlemen, and they have bestowed as much thought and money upon it as they have given to their own homes. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and cosmopolitans, from all over the world, who have seen the Union and the new Metro-

politan Clubs in New York, the Jockey and the Union in Paris, and any half-dozen clubs in London, will tell you that in no great city is there such a club as this one, which is virtually unknown, and lies hidden away in the outskirts of a park at Pesth. It stands on the edge of the woods, and those who had come to the Banderium dined each night on its broad balconies and lawns, under the open sky, in the light of the wavering candles, which showed the faces and bright dresses and the jewels of the women and the uniforms of the men against the dark-green background of the forest about them.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, Count Teleki, the explorer, tanned with the fiercest of African suns, and Kossuth, a descendant of the great Kossuth, were among the men who sat every evening in groups around the fairy-lamps. With them were the sons and grandsons of Andrassy, Apponyi, Széchenyi, names that are as highly honored in Hungary as are those of our

first three Presidents with us; and there was a stray English duke, with three attendant peers, who had received a hint of the ceremony that was to take place at Buda, and who had posted in hot haste across the Channel to see eleven hundred noble horses ridden by eleven hundred Hungarian nobles. There was the Prince Liechtenstein, just returned from the Coronation, with new honors heavy upon him, and Sir Edmund Monson, the English Ambassador to Vienna, upon whom the honors were to fall a month later, and there were lesser diplomats and grizzled old generals in white tunics, and boy officers in light blue, and swells in tweed suits and nobodies in evening dress. It was a most informal and charming collection of people, and they all seemed to know one another intimately, and acted accordingly.

Inside the club there was a great ballroom, in the style of the Second Empire, and reading-rooms and libraries with walls of red-morocco books, and vast banquet-

ing-halls, and rooms for whist and silence, or for the more noisy games of roulette and the *petits chevaux*. It was a succession of lessons in good taste, even while it made you gasp at the money it must have cost somebody — certainly not the club members, for they are too few, and the club is too inaccessible for them to spend much of their time or money there. It appears to be just what it is, the hobby of two rich men, who have robbed the bric-à-brac shops of Europe to make it beautiful, and who have searched every club to get the best ash-tray, the best hand-bell, the best cook, and the best musician.

They did not have to leave Budapest to find the musician. His name is Berkes, and no one who has not been to Budapest or to Vienna has ever heard him, for the Hungarians say naïvely that were he to leave them and play elsewhere they would never be able to get him back again, as those who heard him once would keep him with them forever. He is the king

of the gypsy musicians and the master of their melody. His violin seems to be just as much a part of him as are his arms or his eyes or his heart. When he plays, his body seems to stop at the neck, and he appears to draw all of his strength and feeling from the violin in his hands, the rest of him being merely a support for his head and his instrument. He has curious eyes, like those of a Scotch collie—sad, and melancholy, and pleading—and when he plays they grow glazed and drunken-looking, like those of an absinthe drinker, and tears roll from them to the point of his short beard and wet the wood of his violin. His music probably affects different people according to their nerves, but it is as moving as any great passage in any noble book, or in any great play, and while it lasts he holds people absolutely in a spell, so that when the music ceases women burst into tears, and I have seen men jump to their feet and empty the contents of their pockets into

his lap; and they are so sure to do this that their servants take their money away from them when they are dressing to dine at some house where Berkes is announced to play. One night a Frenchman dipped a two-thousand-franc note into a glass of champagne and pasted it on the back of the man's violin, and the next day Berkes sent it back to him again, saying that to have this compliment paid him by a foreigner in the presence of his countrymen was worth more to him than the money.

The Hungarian music is typical of the people, who are full of feeling and moved by sudden gusts of passion. To a nation of a calmer and more phlegmatic nature, the ceremony of the Banderium could not have meant so much, nor would they have taken it so seriously; but to the Hungarians, who cherish the independence of their kingdom, and who never speak of Francis Joseph as the Emperor, but as the King of Hungary, this swearing allegiance to the crown was a ceremony heavy with

meaning, and surrounded by the most sacred traditions of the life of the nation and of their own families.

It was interesting in consequence to see the same blasé young men who the night before at the Park Club had discussed the only way to break the bank at Monte Carlo, dressed the next morning in the clothes that their ancestors had worn, or in others like them, carrying the same banners under which their great-grandfathers had fought, weeping with emotion around a battered gold crown studded with old stones, and cheering their King, who, not many years before, had sentenced some of the very nobles before him to death.

You cannot imagine Americans or Englishmen doing the same thing; in the first place, they have no national costume, should they wish to put one on; and, in the second place, their fear of ridicule or their sense of humor, which is sometimes the same thing, would keep them from wearing it if they had. But there was nothing ridiculous in

what these Hungarians did. They were too much in earnest and they were too sincere. Later, when I met some of them in London in varnished boots and frock-coats, I wondered if they could possibly be the same men I had seen prancing around on horses covered with harnesses of silver and turquoise, and themselves dressed in brocades and in silk tights, with fur-trimmed coats and velvet tunics. But at the time it seemed a most appropriate costume, for one knew they were merely carrying out the traditions of their family, and that they did not wear these particular clothes because they were beautiful or becoming, but because they were the costume, not only of their country but of their race, and as much a part of their family history as an Englishman's coat of arms, and because once, long before, one of their name had fought in a similar costume and stained its brocade with blood.

The day of the ceremony was as beautiful as blue skies and a warm, brilliant sun

could help to make it, and a soft summer breeze shook out the flags and banners, and stirred the leaves upon the great hill on which Buda stands, and ruffled the surface of the Danube so that it flashed like a thousand heliographs. In the streets were hurrying groups of gayly dressed peasants, fine stalwart men and simple, kindly faced women, and pretty girls of a dark, gypsy type, with black eyes, and red lips with that peculiar curve which leaves the white teeth bare. Soldiers of the Empire stood at ease along the quaint streets of clean, round cobble-stones and yellow-faced houses, each marking the holiday with an oak leaf in his cap or helmet. There was no crowding or pushing, but everywhere excellent good-humor and good feeling, and from time to time bursts of patriotic pride as a state carriage, or some body of horsemen, passed to take a place in the procession.

The King's palace stands on the top of the hill of Buda, and the tribunes for the

THE PROCESSION AT THE START

diplomats and the cabinet face the courtyard of the palace, making the fourth side of the square in which the riders were to pass in review before the Emperor. It was more like a private garden-party than a national celebration, for every one in the tribunes seemed to know every one in the streets below, and the spectators moved about, and talked and criticised, and named each new arrival as he or she drove up to the doors of the great gray palace opposite. The sun beat down with a little too much vigor, but it showed every uniform at its best, and it flashed on the jewels and on the sword-blades of the attendant cavalry, and filled the air with color and light.

Then the Emperor stepped out upon the balcony of the palace and saluted, and the people arose and remained standing until one of the archduchesses, a little girl in pink, and the Empress, in deep black, had taken their places beside him, and the members of the Court, the women in the national costume of Hungary and the men

in military uniforms, had grouped themselves back of these three figures, and had crowded the windows so that the old palace bloomed like the wall of an Oxford college when the window-gardens are gorgeous with color, and stand out from the gray stone like orchids on the limb of a dead tree. In the procession that followed there were eleven hundred mounted men in silks, in armor, in furs, and in cloth of gold, and many state carriages gilded and enamelled, and decorated with coats of arms and velvet trappings.

It would have been too theatrical and fantastic had it not been that it was an historical pageant, and correct in every detail, and that the fairy princes were real princes, the jewels real jewels, and the fur the same fur that a few months before had covered a wolf or a bear in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which had been hunted by these same men who now wore their skins. For an hour the nobles passed in dazzling, glittering groups, each

rivalling the next, and all making one long line of color that wound along the shady streets, in and out upon the hill-side, and down across the great ridge like a many-colored scarf of silk and gold. Each group was preceded by its banner, and each standard-bearer was accompanied by heralds on foot, and by attendant squires on horseback, dressed in the colors of the province or burgh or municipality from which they came.

There was no regular uniform, and the costumes varied from the days of the Iron Age to those of Maria Theresa, who had given some of the same uniforms we saw that day to the forefathers of the men who wore them. But in the dresses of the later centuries there was a certain uniformity, and although the materials and colors differed greatly, the fashion was the same. There was a long shirt of silk or satin, silk tights embroidered with gold or silver, high boots of colored leather, and a sleeveless cloak of brocade or velvet, trimmed with

fur. The cap was of velvet surrounded with fur, with an aigrette in front ornamented with diamonds. The greater number of the horses were magnificent black stallions, with as distinguished pedigrees as those of the men who rode them, and their trappings were as rich as those worn by their masters. The average cost of each rider's uniform, and of the harness for his horse, was five thousand dollars; some single costumes, on account of the jewels, were worth many times that sum. The state contributed nothing to this spectacle; each rider paid for his carriage and for the equipment of his horses and attendants.

Of course there were many features of the procession which stirred the hearts and memories of the native spectators, but which were lost on the stranger—certain devices on the banners, certain uniforms that recalled a great victory, or some peculiarity of decoration or weapon that none but the descendants of a certain family, or the inhabitants of a particular village, were

allowed to bear. But the spectacle as a spectacle could be appreciated by any one, whether he knew the history of Hungary or not. Those Englishmen present who had seen the Queen's Jubilee procession in 1887 said that the Banderium was much finer, and those who had witnessed the entry of the Czar into Moscow found it, if not so impressive, at least as beautiful. The Czar's entry was a modern military pageant, the Banderium was a moving panorama, an illustration of the history of Hungary by some of the very men themselves who had helped to make it, or by their sons and grandsons.

There were so many different combinations of color that it is impossible to select any one as being much more beautiful than the others. In one notable group the men wore canary yellow silk from head to foot, trimmed heavily with silver. Their boots were yellow, their capes were yellow, and the tall plumes in their peaked caps were yellow; another group wore gray velvet

with gray fur and silver; another, purple velvet with gold; another, blue velvet with ermine and silver. There were never more than twenty men at the most in any group; sometimes there would be but five or six, but the costume of each one was as rich, whether he rode or walked, as any court dress of any emperor of Europe. The horses were covered with velvet saddle-cloths, heavy with jewels and gold and silver ornaments. Some were hung from the head to the tail with strings of gold coins that one could hear jangling for a hundred yards as they advanced stamping and tossing their heads, and others were covered with leopard and tiger skins, or with a harness of red morocco leather, or with blue turquoises that lay in beautiful contrast upon the snow-white coat and mane. Some of the provinces which dated back to the beginning of civilization were represented by men with the arms of the days of the Goths and Vandals, and the fierce simplicity of their appearance made

the silks and satins of those next in line seem foolish and theatrical. These descendants of the earliest warriors were perhaps the most effective figures in the procession. Some of them wore black armor, some gold, some silver, and others the plain steel shirt of chain-armor, which clung to them like a woollen jersey. Their legs were bound with raw leather thongs, and on their heads they wore steel casques, with a bar of steel running from the helmet to the chin to protect the face from sword-thrusts, and each rider held before him a great spear, from each side of which sprouted black eagle's feathers. There was something so grim and fierce in their appearance that the crowd along the sidewalks stood awed as they passed and then burst into the most enthusiastic cheers that were heard that day.

From the palace the procession countermarched to the Houses of Parliament, and in its central chamber the heads of each deputation gathered around the crown and

swore allegiance to it. But it was significant that they swore this allegiance when the crown was resting on a cushion in their new Houses of Constitutional Liberty and not in a palace on the head of a king. That ceremony came later when they returned again to the palace in Buda, and the Emperor addressed them, and they interrupted his speech from the throne with cheer after cheer. Some of these men present were those whom early in his reign the Emperor had sentenced to death, but whose fealty and admiration he had won later by his own personality and tact and goodness of heart. It was a curious spectacle — these white-haired noblemen, tall, proud, and fierce-eyed, looking in their velvet and furs and golden chains like living portraits of the old masters, waving their jewelled caps at the little unkingly Emperor in his colonel's uniform, padded and tightly laced, and with smug side-whiskers, like an English inspector of police. There was the contrast in it of the chivalry and dash and

poetry of the Middle Ages, with the constitutional law-abiding monarchy of modern times.

And one wondered as to what will follow when Francis Joseph passes away!

Will they cheer an archduke as they cheered him, with the tears rolling down their cheeks?

One asks, "What has an Austrian archduke done for Hungary, for Austria, or for himself even? Does any one in the United States know the names of these archdukes or archduchesses? Has he ever heard of them or read of them?" Of course he has never seen them, because they constitute "the most exclusive Court in Europe." That has always been their boast, as it will be their epitaph. They are the most exclusive Court in Europe, so exclusive that they have not tried to learn the language of the twin monarchy of Hungary, nor sought by any deed or act to win the regard or respect of the sixteen millions of people over whom some day they hope

to reign. They are like a colony of people who hide themselves from the rest of the world in a deep wood and say to each other, "Look how exclusive we are! There is no one in this wood but ourselves"; and who, by repeating their own names daily and talking of no one but themselves, have learned to think that they are the people of greatest consequence in the world, when, as a matter of fact, the world outside of the wood is going about its business in the sunshine, working and scheming and pushing ahead, forgetting that the most exclusive Court of Europe exists. We know a little of the princes of other countries, and even of the pretenders, for they do something. They explore Africa or Tibet; they open hospitals or race yachts or win a Derby; they are at least picturesque and ornamental, and it is pleasant to see them ride by in fine clothes and with mounted escorts.

I once heard an American tourist say to a British workman outside of St. James's

Palace on a Levee day: "And I suppose you pay taxes to support this?" The workman said: "Yes, it costs me about sixpence a year. Isn't it worth the money?" And the American, becoming suddenly conscious of the fact that he had been standing for two hours watching the show of royalty, and that it had not cost him even sixpence, was honest enough to own that it was.

But what excuse have the Austrian royalties ever offered for their right to exist? It is not quite enough that they have sixteen quarterings, and that they are exclusive, and only come out of their highly polished shells once in a great while, when one of them shocks half of Europe with a horrible scandal or a silly marriage. For it is only when such things happen that we learn anything of the most exclusive Court in Europe — when one of its archdukes tramps a stable-boy under his horse's hoofs, or comes out of the wood into the world— to marry a dancing-girl.

Perhaps the eleven hundred men who represented all of Hungary at the millennial celebration will cheer one of these archdukes when he comes to the throne. But it may be that when the time comes they will prefer a king who can speak their own language, and that we may hear them cheer one of their own people.

CUBA IN WAR-TIME

CUBA IN WAR-TIME

I.—THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ

ADOLFO RODRIGUEZ was the only son of a Cuban farmer, who lives nine miles outside of Santa Clara, beyond the hills that surround that city to the north.

When the revolution broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and two sisters at the farm. He was taken, in December of 1896, by a force of the Guardia Civile, the corps d'élite of the Spanish army, and defended himself when they tried to capture him, wounding three of them with his machete.

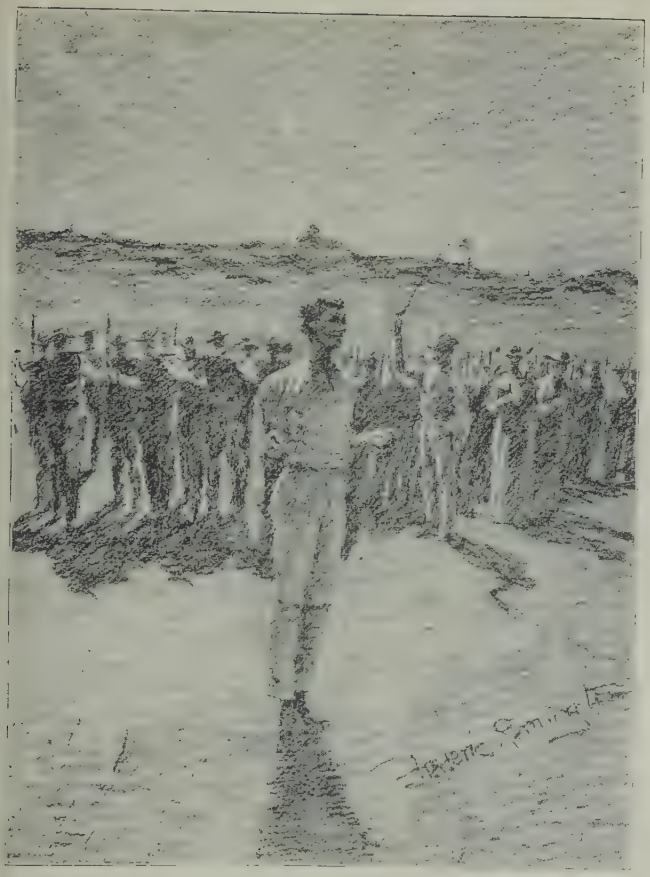
He was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government, and

sentenced to be shot by à fusillade some morning before sunrise.

Previous to execution he was confined in the military prison of Santa Clara with thirty other insurgents, all of whom were sentenced to be shot, one after the other, on mornings following the execution of Rodriguez.

His execution took place the morning of the 19th of January, 1897, at a place a half-mile distant from the city, on the great plain that stretches from the forts out to the hills, beyond which Rodriguez had lived for nineteen years. At the time of his death he was twenty years old.

I witnessed his execution, and what follows is an account of the way he went to death. The young man's friends could not be present, for it was impossible for them to show themselves in that crowd and that place with wisdom or without distress, and I like to think that, although Rodriguez could not know it, there was one person present when he died who felt keenly for



THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ

him, and who was a sympathetic though unwilling spectator.

There had been a full moon the night preceding the execution, and when the squad of soldiers marched out from town it was still shining brightly through the mists, although it was past five o'clock. It lighted a plain two miles in extent, broken by ridges and gullies and covered with thick, high grass, and with bunches of cactus and palmetto. In the hollow of the ridges the mist lay like broad lakes of water, and on one side of the plain stood the walls of the old town. On the other rose hills covered with royal palms that showed white in the moonlight, like hundreds of marble columns. A line of tiny camp-fires that the sentries had built during the night stretched between the forts at regular intervals and burned brightly.

But as the light grew stronger and the moonlight faded these were stamped out, and when the soldiers came in force the moon was a white ball in the sky, without

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radiance, the fires had sunk to ashes, and the sun had not yet risen.

So even when the men were formed into three sides of a hollow square, they were scarcely able to distinguish one another in the uncertain light of the morning.

There were about three hundred soldiers in the formation. They belonged to the volunteers, and they deployed upon the plain with their band in front playing a jaunty quickstep, while their officers galloped from one side to the other through the grass, seeking out a suitable place for the execution, while the band outside the line still played merrily.

A few men and boys, who had been dragged out of their beds by the music, moved about the ridges behind the soldiers, half-clothed, unshaven, sleepy-eyed, yawning, and stretching themselves nervously and shivering in the cool, damp air of the morning.

Either owing to discipline or on account of the nature of their errand, or because

the men were still but half awake, there was no talking in the ranks, and the soldiers stood motionless, leaning on their rifles, with their backs turned to the town, looking out across the plain to the hills.

The men in the crowd behind them were also grimly silent. They knew that whatever they might say would be twisted into a word of sympathy for the condemned man or a protest against the government. So no one spoke; even the officers gave their orders in gruff whispers, and the men in the crowd did not mix together, but looked suspiciously at one another and kept apart.

As the light increased a mass of people came hurrying from the town with two black figures leading them, and the soldiers drew up at attention, and part of the double line fell back and left an opening in the square.

With us a condemned man walks only the short distance from his cell to the scaffold or the electric chair, shielded from sight

by the prison walls, and it often occurs even then that the short journey is too much for his strength and courage.

But the merciful Spaniards on this morning made the prisoner walk for over a half-mile across the broken surface of the fields. I expected to find the man, no matter what his strength at other times might be, stumbling and faltering on this cruel journey; but as he came nearer I saw that he led all the others, that the priests on either side of him were taking two steps to his one, and that they were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked, erect and soldierly, at a quick step in advance of them.

He had a handsome, gentle face of the peasant type, a light, pointed beard, great wistful eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. He was shockingly young for such a sacrifice, and looked more like a Neapolitan than a Cuban. You could imagine him sitting on the quay at Naples or Genoa, lolling in

the sun and showing his white teeth when he laughed. He wore a new scapular around his neck, hanging outside his linen blouse.

It seems a petty thing to have been pleased with at such a time, but I confess to have felt a thrill of satisfaction when I saw, as the Cuban passed me, that he held a cigarette between his lips, not arrogantly nor with bravado, but with the nonchalance of a man who meets his punishment fearlessly, and who will let his enemies see that they can kill but cannot frighten him.

It was very quickly finished, with rough and, but for one frightful blunder, with merciful swiftness. The crowd fell back when it came to the square, and the condemned man, the priests, and the firing squad of six young volunteers passed in and the line closed behind them.

The officer who had held the cord that bound the Cuban's arms behind him and passed across his breast let it fall on the grass and drew his sword, and Rodriguez dropped his cigarette from his lips and bent

and kissed the cross which the priest held up before him.

The elder of the priests moved to one side and prayed rapidly in a loud whisper, while the other, a younger man, walked away behind the firing squad and covered his face with his hands and turned his back. They had both spent the last twelve hours with Rodriguez in the chapel of the prison.

The Cuban walked to where the officer directed him to stand, and turned his back to the square and faced the hills and the road across them, which led to his father's farm.

As the officer gave the first command he straightened himself as far as the cords would allow, and held up his head and fixed his eyes immovably on the morning light, which had just begun to show above the hills.

He made a picture of such pathetic helplessness, but of such courage and dignity, that he reminded me on the instant of that statue of Nathan Hale which stands in the

City Hall Park, above the roar of Broadway, and teaches a lesson daily to the hurrying crowds of money-makers who pass beneath.

The Cuban's arms were bound, as are those of the statue, and he stood firmly, with his weight resting on his heels like a soldier on parade, and with his face held up fearlessly, as is that of the statue. But there was this difference, that Rodriguez, while probably as willing to give six lives for his country as was the American rebel, being only a peasant, did not think to say so, and he will not, in consequence, live in bronze during the lives of many men, but will be remembered only as one of thirty Cubans, one of whom was shot at Santa Clara on each succeeding day at sunrise.

The officer had given the order, the men had raised their pieces, and the condemned man had heard the clicks of the triggers as they were pulled back, and he had not moved. And then happened one of the most cruelly refined, though unintentional,

acts of torture that one can very well imagine. As the officer slowly raised his sword, preparatory to giving the signal, one of the mounted officers rode up to him and pointed out silently what I had already observed with some satisfaction, that the firing squad were so placed that when they fired they would shoot several of the soldiers stationed on the extreme end of the square.

Their captain motioned his men to lower their pieces, and then walked across the grass and laid his hand on the shoulder of the waiting prisoner.

It is not pleasant to think what that shock must have been. The man had steeled himself to receive a volley of bullets in his back. He believed that in the next instant he would be in another world; he had heard the command given, had heard the click of the Mausers as the locks caught—and then, at that supreme moment, a human hand had been laid upon his shoulder and a voice spoke in his ear.

REGULAR CAVALRYMAN—SPANISH

You would expect that any man who had been snatched back to life in such a fashion would start and tremble at the reprieve, or would break down altogether, but this boy turned his head steadily, and followed with his eyes the direction of the officer's sword, then nodded his head gravely, and, with his shoulders squared, took up a new position, straightened his back again, and once more held himself erect.

As an exhibition of self-control this should surely rank above feats of heroism performed in battle, where there are thousands of comrades to give inspiration. This man was alone, in the sight of the hills he knew, with only enemies about him, with no source to draw on for strength but that which lay within himself.

The officer of the firing squad, mortified by his blunder, hastily whipped up his sword, the men once more levelled their rifles, the sword rose, dropped, and the men fired. At the report the Cuban's

head snapped back almost between his shoulders, but his body fell slowly, as though some one had pushed him gently forward from behind and he had stumbled.

He sank on his side in the wet grass without a struggle or sound, and did not move again.

It was difficult to believe that he meant to lie there, that it could be ended so without a word, that the man in the linen suit would not get up on his feet and continue to walk on over the hills, as he apparently had started to do, to his home; that there was not a mistake somewhere, or that at least some one would be sorry or say something or run to pick him up.

But, fortunately, he did not need help, and the priests returned—the younger one with the tears running down his face—and donned their vestments and read a brief requiem for his soul, while the squad stood uncovered, and the men in hollow square shook their accoutrements into place, and shifted their pieces and got ready for the

order to march, and the band began again with the same quickstep which the fusillade had interrupted.

The figure still lay on the grass untouched, and no one seemed to remember that it had walked there of itself, or noticed that the cigarette still burned, a tiny ring of living fire, at the place where the figure had first stood.

The figure was a thing of the past, and the squad shook itself like a great snake, and then broke into little pieces and started off jauntily, stumbling in the high grass and striving to keep step to the music.

The officers led it past the figure in the linen suit, and so close to it that the file closers had to part with the column to avoid treading on it. Each soldier as he passed turned and looked down on it, some craning their necks curiously, others giving a careless glance, and some without any interest at all, as they would have looked at a house by the roadside or a passing cart or a hole in the road.

One young soldier caught his foot in a trailing vine, and fell just opposite to it. He grew very red when his comrades giggled at him for his awkwardness. The crowd of sleepy spectators fell in on either side of the band. They had forgotten it, too, and the priests put their vestments back in the bag and wrapped their heavy cloaks about them, and hurried off after the others.

Every one seemed to have forgotten it except two men, who came slowly towards it from the town, driving a bullock-cart that bore an unplaned coffin, each with a cigarette between his lips, and with his throat wrapped in a shawl to keep out the morning mists.

At that moment the sun, which had shown some promise of its coming in the glow above the hills, shot up suddenly from behind them in all the splendor of the tropics, a fierce, red disk of heat, and filled the air with warmth and light.

The bayonets of the retreating column

flashed in it, and at the sight of it a rooster in a farm-yard near by crowed vigorously, and a dozen bugles answered the challenge with the brisk, cheery notes of the reveille, and from all parts of the city the church bells jangled out the call for early mass, and the whole world of Santa Clara seemed to stir and stretch itself and to wake to welcome the day just begun.

But as I fell in at the rear of the procession and looked back, the figure of the young Cuban, who was no longer a part of the world of Santa Clara, was asleep in the wet grass, with his motionless arms still tightly bound behind him, with the scapular twisted awry across his face, and the blood from his breast sinking into the soil he had tried to free.

II.—ALONG THE TROCHA

The Trocha at the eastern end of Cuba is the longer of the two, and stretches from coast to coast at the narrowest part

of that half of the island, from Jucaro on the south to Moron on the north.

Before I came to Cuba this time I had read in our newspapers about the Spanish trochas without knowing just what a trocha was. I imagined it to be a rampart of earth and fallen trees, topped with barbed wire—a Rubicon that no one was allowed to pass, but which the insurgents apparently crossed at will with the ease of little girls leaping over a flying skipping-rope. In reality it seems to be a much more important piece of engineering than is generally supposed, and one which, when completed, may prove an absolute barrier to the progress of large bodies of troops unless they are supplied with artillery.

I saw twenty-five of its fifty miles, and the engineers in charge told me that I was the first American, or foreigner of any nationality, who had been allowed to visit it and make drawings and photographs of it. Why they allowed me to see it I do not know, nor can I imagine either why

ONE OF THE BLOCK-HOUSES
(From a photograph taken by Mr. Davis)

they should have objected to my doing so. There is no great mystery about it.

Indeed, what impressed me most concerning it was the fact that every bit of material used in constructing this backbone of the Spanish defence, this strategic point of all their operations, and their chief hope of success against the revolutionists, was furnished by their despised and hated enemies in the United States. Every sheet of armor plate, every corrugated zinc roof, every roll of barbed wire, every plank, beam, rafter, and girder, even the nails that hold the planks together, the forts themselves, shipped in sections, which are numbered in readiness for setting up, the ties for the military railroad which clings to the trocha from one sea to the other—all of these have been supplied by manufacturers in the United States.

This is interesting when one remembers that the American in the Spanish illustrated papers is represented as a hog, and generally with the United States flag for trousers,

and Spain as a noble and valiant lion. Yet it would appear that the lion is willing to save a few dollars on freight by buying his armament from his hoggish neighbor, and that the American who cheers for Cuba Libre is not at all averse to making as many dollars as he can in building the wall against which the Cubans may be eventually driven and shot.

A thick jungle stretches for miles on either side of the trocha, and the only way of reaching it from the outer world is through the seaports at either end. Of these, Moron is all but landlocked, and Jucaro is guarded by a chain of keys, which make it necessary to reship all the troops and their supplies and all the material for the trocha to lighters, which meet the vessels six miles out at sea.

A dirty Spanish steamer drifted with us for two nights and a day from Cienfuegos to Jucaro, and three hundred Spanish, soldiers, dusty, ragged and barefooted, owned her as completely as though she had

FOR CUBA LIBRE

been a regular transport. They sprawled at full length over every deck, their guns were stacked in each corner, and their hammocks swung four deep from railings and riggings and across companion-ways, and even from the bridge itself. It was not possible to take a step without treading on one of them, and their hammocks made a walk on the deck something like a hurdle-race.

With the soldiers, and crowding them for space, were the officers' mules and ponies, steers, calves, and squealing pigs, while crates full of chickens were piled on top of one another as high as the hurricane deck, so that the roosters and the buglers vied with each other in continual contests. It was like travelling with a floating menagerie. Twice a day the bugles sounded the call for breakfast and dinner, and the soldiers ceased to sprawl, and squatted on the deck around square tin cans filled with soup or red wine, from which they fed themselves with spoons and into which

they dipped their rations of hard-tack, after first breaking them on the deck with a blow from a bayonet or crushing them with a rifle butt.

The steward brought what was supposed to be a sample of this soup to the officer seated in the pilot-house high above the squalor, and he would pick out a bean from the mess on the end of a fork and place it to his lips and nod his head gravely, and the grinning steward would carry the dish away.

But the soldiers seemed to enjoy it very much, and to be content—even cheerful. There are many things to admire about the Spanish Tommy. In the seven fortified cities which I visited, where there were thousands of him, I never saw one drunk or aggressive, which is much more than can be said of his officers. On the march he is patient, eager, and alert. He trudges from fifteen to thirty miles a day over the worst roads ever constructed by man, in canvas shoes with rope soles, carry-

A SPANISH SOLDIER

ing one hundred and fifty cartridges, fifty across his stomach and one hundred on his back, weighing in all fifty pounds.

With these he has his Mauser, his blanket, and an extra pair of shoes, and as many tin plates and bottles and bananas and potatoes and loaves of white bread as he can stow away in his blouse and knapsack. And this under a sun which makes even a walking-stick seem a burden. In spite of his officers, and not on account of them, he maintains good discipline, and no matter how tired he may be or how much he may wish to rest on his plank bed, he will always struggle to his feet when the officers pass and stand at salute. He gets very little in return for his efforts.

One Sunday night, when the band was playing in the plaza, at a heaven-forsaken fever camp called Ciego de Avila, a group of soldiers were sitting near me on the grass enjoying the music. They loitered there a few minutes after the bugle had sounded the retreat to the barracks, and

the officer of the day found them. When they stood up he ordered them to report themselves at the *cartel* under arrest, and then, losing all control of himself, lashed one little fellow over the head with his colonel's staff, while the boy stood with his eyes shut and with his lips pressed together, but holding his hand at salute until the officer's stick beat it down.

These soldiers are from the villages and towns of Spain; some of them are not more than seventeen years old, and they are not volunteers. They do not care whether Spain owns an island eighty miles from the United States or loses it, but they go out to it and have their pay stolen, and are put to building earth forts and stone walls, and die of fever. It seems a poor return for their unconscious patriotism when a colonel thrashes one of them as though he were a dog, and an especially brave act, as he knows the soldier may not strike back.

The second night out the ship steward

showed us a light lying low in the water, and told us that was Jucaro, and we accepted his statement and went over the side into an open boat, in which we drifted about until morning, while the colored man who owned the boat and a little mulatto boy who steered it quarrelled as to where exactly the town of Jucaro might be. They brought us up at last against a dark shadow of a house, built on wooden posts, and apparently floating in the water. This was the town of Jucaro as seen at that hour of the night, and as we left it before sunrise the next morning, I did not know until my return whether I had slept in a stationary ark or on the end of a wharf.

We found four other men sleeping on the floor in the room assigned us, and outside, eating by a smoking candle, a young English boy, who looked up and laughed when he heard us speak, and said:

"You've come at last, have you? You are the first white men I've seen since I came here. That's twelve months ago."

He was the cable operator at Jucaro, and he sits all day in front of a sheet of white paper and watches a ray of light play across an imaginary line, and he can tell by its quivering, so he says, all that is going on all over the world. Outside of his whitewashed cable-office is the land-locked bay, filled with wooden piles to keep out the sharks, and back of him lies the village of Jucaro, consisting of two open places filled with green slime and filth and thirty huts. But the operator said that what with fishing and bathing and *Tit-Bits* and *Lloyd's Weekly Times* Jucaro was quite enjoyable. He is going home the year after this.

"At least, that's how I put it," he explained. "My contract requires me to stop on here until December of 1898, but it doesn't sound so long if you say 'a year after this,' does it?" He had had the yellow-fever and had never, owing to the war, been outside of Jucaro. "Still," he added, "I'm seeing the world, and

I've always wanted to visit foreign parts."

As one of the few clean persons I met in Cuba, and the only contented one, I hope the cable operator at Jucaro will get a rise in salary soon, and some day see more of foreign parts than he is seeing at present, and at last get back to "the Horse-shoe, at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, sir," where, as we agreed, better entertainment is to be had on Saturday night than anywhere in London.

In Havana, General Weyler had given me a pass to enter fortified places, which, except for the authority which the signature implied, meant nothing, as all the cities and towns in Cuba are fortified, and any one can visit them. It was as though Mayor Strong had given a man a permit to ride in all the cable cars attached to cables.

It was not intended to include the trocha, but I argued that if a trocha was not a "fortified place" nothing else was; and I

persuaded the commandante at Jucaro to take that view of it and to visé Weyler's order. So at five the following morning a box-car, with wooden planks stretched across it for seats, carried me along the line of the trocha from Jucaro to Ciego, the chief military port on the fortifications, and consumed five hot and stifling hours in covering twenty-five miles.

The trocha is a cleared space one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, which stretches for fifty miles through what is apparently an impassable jungle. The trees which have been cut down in clearing this passageway have been piled up at either side of the cleared space and laid in parallel rows, forming a barrier of tree-trunks and roots and branches as wide as Broadway and higher than a man's head. It would take a man some time to pick his way over these barriers, and a horse could no more do it than it could cross a jam of floating logs in a river.

Between the fallen trees lies the single

THE TRACHA

From a photograph taken by Mr. Davis

track of the military railroad, and on one side of that is the line of forts, and a few feet beyond them a maze of barbed wire. Beyond the barbed wire again is the other barrier of fallen trees and the jungle. In its unfinished state this is not an insurmountable barricade. Gomez crossed it last November by daylight with six hundred men, and with but the loss of twenty-seven killed and as many wounded. To-day it would be more difficult, and in a few months, without the aid of artillery, it will be impossible, except with the sacrifice of a great loss of life. The forts are of three kinds. They are best described as the forts, the block-houses, and the little forts. A big fort consists of two stories, with a cellar below and a watch-tower above. It is made of stone and adobe, and is painted a glaring white. One of these is placed at intervals of every half-mile along the trocha, and on a clear day the sentry in the watch-tower of each can see three forts on either side.

Midway between the big forts, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from each, is a block-house of two stories, with the upper story of wood overhanging the lower foundation of mud. These are placed at right angles to the railroad, instead of facing it, as do the forts.

Between each block-house and each fort are three little forts of mud and planks, surrounded by a ditch. They look something like a farmer's ice-house as we see it at home, and they are about as hot inside as the other is cold. They hold five men, and are within hailing distance of one another. Back of them are three rows of stout wooden stakes, with barbed wire stretching from one row to the other, interlacing and crossing and running in and out above and below like an intricate cat's-cradle of wire.

One can judge how closely knit it is by the fact that to every twelve yards of posts there are four hundred and fifty yards of wire fencing. The forts are most com-

pletely equipped in their way, but twelve men in the jungle would find it quite easy to keep twelve men securely imprisoned in one of them for an indefinite length of time.

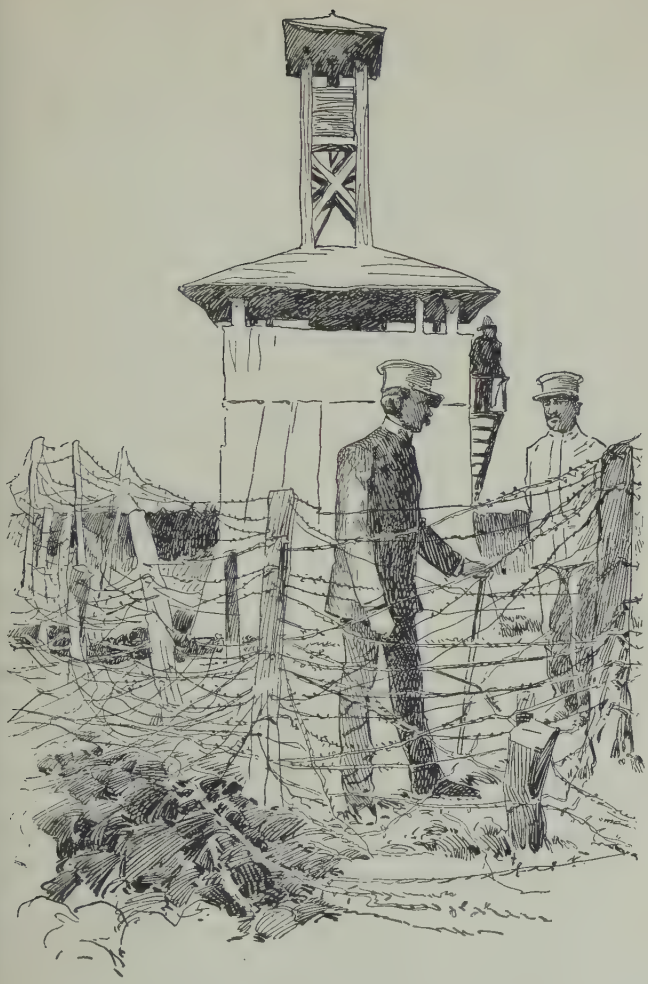
The walls are about twelve feet high, with a cellar below and a vault above the cellar. The roof of the vault forms a platform, around which the four walls rise to the height of a man's shoulder. There are loopholes for rifles in the sides of the vault and where the platform joins the walls. These latter allow the men in the fort to fire down almost directly upon the head of any one who comes up close to the wall of the fort, where without these holes in the floor it would be impossible to fire on him except by leaning far over the rampart.

Above the platform is an iron or zinc roof, supported by iron pillars, and in the centre of this is the watch-tower. The only approach to the fort is by a movable ladder, which hangs over the side like the gangway of a ship-of-war, and can be raised

by those on the inside by means of a rope suspended over a wheel in the roof. The opening in the wall at the head of the ladder is closed at the time of an attack by an iron platform, to which the ladder leads, and which also can be raised by a pulley. In October of 1897 the Spanish hope to have calcium lights placed in the watch-towers of the forts with sufficient power to throw a search-light over a quarter of a mile, or to the next block-house, and so keep the trocha as well lighted as Broadway from one end to the other.

As a further protection against the insurgents, the Spaniards have distributed a number of bombs along the trocha, which they showed with great pride. These are placed at those points along the trocha where the jungle is less thickly grown, and where the insurgents might be expected to pass.

Each bomb is fitted with an explosive cap, to which five or six wires are attached and staked down on the ground. Any one



ONE OF THE FORTS ALONG THE TROCHA

(From a photograph taken by Mr. Davis)

stumbling over one of these wires explodes the bomb and throws a charge of broken iron to a distance of fifty feet. How the Spaniards are going to prevent stray cattle and their own soldiers from wandering into these man-traps it is difficult to understand.

The chief engineer in charge of the trocha detailed a captain to take me over it and to show me all that there was to see. The officers of the infantry and cavalry stationed at Ciego objected to his doing this, but he said: "He has a pass from General Weyler. I am not responsible." It was true that I had an order from General Weyler, but he had rendered it ineffective by having me followed about wherever I went by his police and spies. They sat next to me in the cafés and in the plazas, and when I took a cab they called the next one on the line and trailed after mine all around the city, until my driver would become alarmed for fear he, too, was suspected of something, and would take me back to the hotel.

I had gotten rid of them at Cienfuegos by purchasing a ticket on the steamer to Santiago, three days farther down the coast, and then dropping off in the night at the trocha; so while I was visiting it I expected to find that my non-arrival at Santiago had been reported, and word sent to the trocha that I was a newspaper correspondent. And whenever an officer spoke to the one who was showing me about, my camera appeared to grow to the size of a trunk and to weigh like lead, and I felt lonely, and longed for the company of the cheerful cable operator at the other end of the trocha.

Ciego was an interesting town. During every day of the last rainy season an average of thirty soldiers and officers died there of yellow-fever. While I was there I saw two soldiers, one quite an old man, drop down in the street as though they had been shot, and lie in the road until they were carried to the yellow-fever ward of the hospital under the black oilskin cloth of the stretchers.

There was a very smart officers' club at Ciego, well supplied with a bar and billiard-tables, which I made some excuse for not entering, but which could be seen through its open doors; and I suggested to one of the members that it must be a comfort to have such a place, where the officers might go after their day's march on the mud banks of the trocha, and where they could bathe and be cool and clean. He said there were no baths in the club nor anywhere in the town. He added that he thought it might be a good idea to have them.

The bath-tub is the dividing line between savages and civilized beings. And when I learned that regiment after regiment of Spanish officers and gentlemen have been stationed in that town—and it was the dirtiest, hottest, and dustiest town I ever visited—for eighteen months, and none of them had wanted a bath, I believed from that moment all the stories I had heard about their butcheries and atroc-

ities—stories which I had verified later by more direct evidence.

From a military point of view the trocha impressed me as a weapon which could be made to cut both ways.

If it were situated on a broad plain or prairie, with a mile of clear ground on either side of it where troops could manœuvre, and which would prevent the enemy from stealing up to it unseen, it might be a useful line of defence. But at present, along its entire length stretches this almost impassable barrier of jungle. If troops were sent at short notice from the military camps along the line to protect any particular point, one can imagine what their condition would be were they forced to manœuvre in a space one hundred and fifty yards broad, the half of which is taken up with barbed wire fences, fallen trees, and explosive bomb-shells. Only two hundred at the most could find shelter in the forts, which would mean that many more would be left outside the breastworks and scat-

SPANISH CAVALRY

SPANISH CAVALRY
(From photographs by Mr. Davis)

tered over a distance of a half-mile, with a forest on both sides of them from which the enemy could fire volley after volley into their ranks, protected from pursuit not only by the jungle but by the walls of fallen trees which the Spaniards themselves have placed there.

A trocha in an open plain, as were the English trochas in the desert around Suakin, makes an admirable defence when a few men are forced to withstand the assault of a great many; but fighting behind a trocha in a jungle is like fighting in an ambush, and if the trocha at Moron is ever attacked in force it may prove to be a Valley of Death to the Spanish troops.

THE INAUGURATION

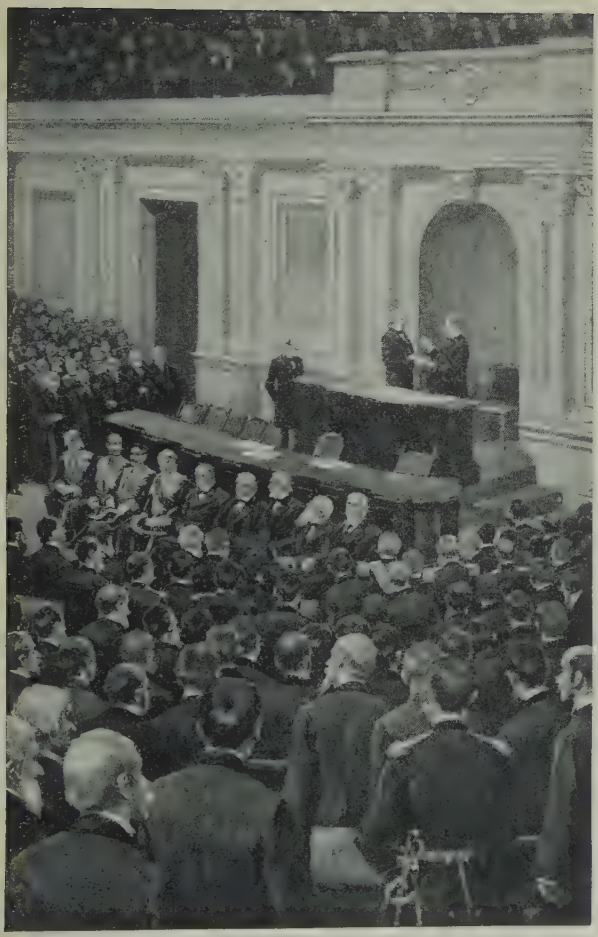
THE INAUGURATION

WHEN the Vice-President of the United States is sworn into office he takes the oath in the same Senate-Chamber where, later, he is to preside over a limited, and, in one sense, a select body of men. But as the President of the United States presides over the entire nation, he takes his oath of office in the presence of as many of the American people as can see him, and he is not shut in by the close walls of a room, but stands in the open air, under the open sky, with the marble heights of the House of Representatives and of the Senate for his background, and with the great dome of the Capitol for his sounding-board.

The two ceremonies differ greatly. One

suggests the director of a railroad addressing the stockholders at their annual meeting, while the other is as impressive in its simplicity as Moses talking to the chosen people from the mountain-side.

The Chamber of the Senate is a great oblong room, with a heavy gallery running back from an unbroken front to each of the four walls, and rising almost to the ceiling. There is a carpet on the floor, and rows of school-desks placed in curved lines, facing a platform and three short rows of chairs. The first row, where the official stenographers sit, is on the floor of the Senate-Chamber; the second, for the clerks, is raised above it; and higher still, behind the clerks, is the massive desk of the Vice-President, or the President of the Senate, as he is called when he presides over that body. Opposite to the desk of the Vice-President, and at each side of it, are wide entrances with swinging doors. The Chamber is lighted from above, and is decorated in quiet colors.



THE VICE-PRESIDENT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

On the morning of the 4th of March last the galleries were massed with people, and the Senators, instead of sitting each at his own desk, crowded together to see the Vice-President inaugurated, while several hundreds of yellow chairs were squeezed in among the school-desks for the use of the members of the House. In front of the clerk's desk were two leather chairs, for the new President and the old President, and the seats for the foreign ambassadors.

It had been an all-night session, and the Senators had remained in the Chamber until near sunrise, and looked rumpled and weary in consequence. Among them were several men whose term of office would expire when the clock over the door told midday; they had been six years or less in that room, and in three-quarters of an hour they would leave it perhaps for the last time. The men who had taken their seats from them, and who were to be sworn in by the new Vice-President, sat squeezed in beside

them, looking conscious and uncomfortable, like new boys on their first day at school. Caricaturists and the artists of the daily papers had made the faces of many of them familiar, and while the people waited for the chief actors to appear, they pointed out the more conspicuous Senators to each other, looking down upon them with the same interest that visitors to the Zoo bestow on the bears.

In the front of the gallery reserved for the diplomatic corps sat the wife of the Chinese minister. She was the only bit of color in the room that was not American or imported from Paris. She was a little person in blue satin, with a great head-dress of red, and her face was painted like the face of a picture, according to the custom of her country.

Back of her, accompanied by her secretary, was the exiled Queen of Hawaii, a handsome, dark-skinned negress, quietly but richly dressed, and carrying herself with great dignity. In front of her was

IN THE DIPLOMATIC GALLERY

a young English peer, a secretary of the British Embassy, who took photographs of the scene below him with a hand-camera, knowing perfectly well that had he been guilty of such a piece of impertinence in his own Lower House he would have been taken out of the gallery by the collar and thrown into the lobby.

The expectant quiet of the hour was first broken by a young man with his hair banged over his forehead and a fluffy satin tie that drooped upon his breast. He gazed meekly about him out of round spectacles and announced in a high, shrill voice:

"The ambassadors from foreign countries."

In the courts of Europe, where they take state ceremonies more seriously than we do, there is a functionary who is known as the "Announcer of Ambassadors," or the "Introducer of Ambassadors"—his title explains his duties. The American introducer of ambassadors was a subordi-

nate official, and although we are a free people and love simplicity and hate show, it did seem as though, for that occasion only, some one with a little more manner, or a little less ease of manner, might have been chosen to announce the various dignitaries as they entered the Chamber. A thin young man in a short sack-coat running excitedly up and down the aisle leading to the President's desk did not exactly seem to rise to the requirements of the occasion; especially was this the case when he put his hand on the breast of the first of the ambassadors and shoved him back until he was ready to announce him.

The foreign ambassadors were four in number, and very beautiful in their diplomatic uniforms and sashes of the royal orders. They seated themselves, with obvious content, in places on a line with those reserved for the President and President-elect.

The young man skipped gayly back up

the aisle and announced, "The members of the Supreme Court of the United States," and the Chief Justice and his fellow-judges came rustling forward in black silk robes and seated themselves facing the ambassadors, and then all of them with one accord crossed their legs.

The "ministers from foreign lands" came next in a glittering line, and crowded into the second row of school-desks, shunting and shifting themselves about several times, like cars in a freight-yard when a train is being made up, until each was in his right place and no one's dignity was jeoparded. Then came the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who ascended the steps leading to the desk and took his place next to the chairs reserved for the incoming Vice-President and the outgoing Vice-President, and looked down at the empty red chair below him, on which, had the pleasure of many people been consulted, he would have sat that day.

The other members of the House poured

into the room without order or precedence, and spread themselves over the floor, picking up the yellow chairs and carrying them nearer to the front, or shoving them out of their way and piling them up one on top of the other in the corners. There were very young men among them, and many old and well-known men, and they had smuggled in with them Governors of States, with a few of their aides in uniform, and a number of lobbyists, and politicians out of office, but with much more power than those to whom they had given it. Then quietly from a side door behind the President's desk came Major-General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the United States army, and the naval officer who ranked him, and their adjutants; and opposite to them, from the other door, appeared the next ambassador to France, who, as the marshal of the great parade which was to follow, and on account of his promised new dignity, was one of the celebrities of the hour. The three aides of General Porter were the sons of former

Presidents. The youngest of them was young Garfield, a modest, manly, good-looking boy in the uniform of a cavalry officer.

In the gallery to the left of the President's desk were three empty rows of benches, which, as every one knew by this time, were reserved for the family of the incoming President, and the first real interest of the morning arrived when the doors above this gallery were held open, and the ladies who were to occupy these places, and later, so large a place in the interest of the country, appeared at the top of the steps. Portraits and photographs rendered it easy to recognize them, and though the spectators gave no sign of welcome to these unofficial members of the President's household, they held every eye in the place. The mother of the incoming President came down the steps briskly, as eager and smiling and young as her son in spite of her white hair and gold spectacles. The people smiled back at her in

sympathy with her pleasure at his triumph, and the scene at once took on a human interest it had not held before. For while it is possible at any time to look at ambassadors in diamond stars and brave soldiers in gold lace, it is not possible every day to see a mother as she watches her son at the moment when he takes the oath that makes him the executive head of seventy millions of people.

The wife of the new President followed his mother slowly. She had been ill, and as she came down the steps she was partly supported on each side by one of her husband's friends. Her face was very pale, but quite beautiful and young-looking, like that of a girl, and the blue velvet that she wore softened and enriched the noble lines which pain and great suffering had cut on her face.

The young man with the butterfly tie and the short coat dashed up and down the middle aisle now with hysterical vigor, and announced over his shoulder during one

of his flights that the "Vice-President and the Vice-President-elect" were approaching. Mr. Stevenson came in, with Mr. Hobart following him, and the two men ascended the steps of the platform and bowed to Speaker Reed, who rose to greet them.

There were now only the two chief actors to come, and the crowded room waited with its interest at the highest pitch. The members of Congress who had crowded in around the doorways were pushed back on each other, and those who had slipped down the aisles slid in between the desks, as the young man announced "The President and President-elect."

As Mr. Cleveland and Major McKinley entered, walking close together, the people rose, and every one leaned forward for a better sight of the President to be, and to observe "how the outgoing President took it." The outgoing President took it exceedingly well. He could afford to do so.

He had taken that short walk down that same aisle often before, and he looked as though he took it now for the last time with satisfaction and content. He smiled slightly as he passed between his enemies of the Senate. He could afford to do that also, for he had kept a country at peace when they had tried to drag it into war, and he had framed the great Treaty of Arbitration which they had emasculated in order to hurt him, and only succeeding in hurting themselves.

As the two men walked down the aisle together, Major McKinley with all his troubles before him, in his fresh, new clothes, and with an excited, nervous smile on his clear-cut face, looked like a bridegroom; and Mr. Cleveland, smiling tolerantly, and with that something about him of dignity which comes to a man who has held great power, looked like his best man, who had been through the ordeal himself and had cynical doubts as to the future. As the two men seated themselves, Mr.

Cleveland on the right and Major McKinley on the left, the latter looked up at the gallery where his wife and mother sat and gave them a quick bow of recognition, as though he wished them to feel that they, too, were included in this, his moment of triumph.

The ceremony which followed was brief and full of business. Mr. Stevenson read a farewell address to the Senators, in which he said flattering things to them and thanked them for their courtesies; and a clergyman read a long prayer, almost as long as the address of the Vice-President, while the Senators gazed at their friends in the galleries, and three people in the gallery stood up, while the greater number sat staring about them. Then Mr. Stevenson delivered the oath to Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Hobart took the oath by bowing his head gravely, and the country was on the instant in the strange position of having a Democratic President and a Republican Vice-President. Mr. Hobart read his ad-

dress calmly and in the same manner in which the president of a bank might read a report to the board of directors. It of necessity could not contain anything of a startling nature, as the Vice-President's duties are entirely those of a presiding officer. Mr. Hobart's first duty as Vice-President was to swear in the new Senators, who came up to his desk in groups of four, the incoming Senators being escorted by the outgoing Senators.

When the new Senators had taken the oath, the procession formed again with the purpose of marching out to the stand erected in front of the Senate wing of the Capitol, where the chief ceremony of the day, the swearing in of the new President by the Chief Justice, was to take place.

But the Senate committee who had charge of the arrangements, or it may have been the young man with the butterfly tie, bungled the procession sadly, and the feelings of the diplomatic corps were

hurt. The members of a diplomatic corps usually take themselves seriously, and especially those in Washington, which is a post where they have very little to do except to look after their dignity. And the women in Washington spoil them, and the rude and untutored American politicians, some of whom are opposed on principle to the demoralizing practice of wearing evening dress, do not appreciate the niceties of the positions which the foreign diplomatists hold to one another. The ministers were hurt, in the first place, because the ambassadors had been allowed to go into the Senate-Chamber without them; they did not like the places assigned them after they had arrived there; and when the procession started they found themselves left to follow Congressmen and others before whom they should have taken precedence. So, instead of going out on to the platform to witness the inauguration of the President, they held an indignation meeting in the draughty corridors and decided to go

home, which they did. These gentlemen were the guests of the nation, and the members of Congress and of the judiciary are our own people and acted as their hosts. Common courtesy and the convention which exists in other countries enjoin it upon a government to give the diplomatic corps precedence of the local administrators, just as a host gives the better place at dinner to the visiting stranger, and not to members of his own family. If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing correctly, and either there should be no precedence at all or it should mean something, and should show what it means. Neither the members of the Senate nor of the House gained any credit or additional glory by shoving themselves into places which should by right and courtesy have been given to the foreign ministers. The diplomatic corps, on the other hand, were there as representatives of friendly powers to show respect to the new President; and if, through no fault of

his, they were treated with insufficient consideration. it would surely have been better for them to witness the ceremonies and afterwards to lodge their complaint. But to go away pouting like a parcel of children with their toys under their arms was distinctly disrespectful to the President, and was hardly the act of gentlemen, not even of diplomats.

The platform to which the procession made its way was built out upon the steps of the Capitol between the Senate wing and the main entrance. It was constructed of unplaned boards, with a raised dais in front, upon which were three arm-chairs and a table; around this dais were many chairs for the chief dignitaries and behind this chosen circle were unplaned benches slanting back like hurdles to the wall of the Capitol. There were more than enough of these benches, and the spectators from the Senate-Chamber did not suffice to fill more than half of them. Hence, at the back of the crowd on the stand

was an ugly blank stretch of yellow-pine boards, which, besides being undecorative in itself, gave the erroneous impression that there was not as full a house as had been expected, and that the attraction had failed to attract. Except for this blot of pine boards, the picture as the crowd saw it, looking up from the grounds of the Capitol, was a noble and impressive one, full of dignity and meaning. Any scene, with the Capitol building for a background, must, of necessity, be impressive. Its situation is more imposing than that of the legislative buildings of any other country; the Houses of Parliament on the Thames, and at Budapest, on the Danube, appear heavy and sombre in comparison; the Chamber of Deputies, on the Seine, is not to be compared with it in any way. No American can look upon it, and see its great swelling dome, balanced on the broad shoulders of the two marble wings, and the myriads of steps leading to it, without feeling a thrill of pride and pleasure that

so magnificent a monument should belong to his country and to him.

Rising directly above the heads of the crowd was the front of the platform, wrapped with American flags and colored bunting; above that was the black mass of the spectators, with just here and there a bit of color in a woman's gown, or in the uniforms of the ambassadors and of the few officers of the army and militia. Beyond these the crowd saw the empty boards glaring in the sunshine; and then the grand façade of the Capitol, black with spectators, on the steps, on the great statues, along the roof, and around the dome. The crowd gathered there were so far distant that what went on below was but a pantomine to them, played by tiny, foreshortened dwarfs.

To the foreigners in the crowd the absence of any guard or escort of soldiers near the President, or of soldiers of any sort, was probably the most peculiar feature of the scene. In no other country

would the head of the nation, whether he rule by inheritance or is elected to power, stand on such an occasion so close to the people without a military escort. The President of France does not even go to the races at Longchamps without an escort of soldiers. But the President of the United States is always unattended, and soldiers could not add to the dignity of his office. When he rode in state, later in the day, from the Capitol to the White House, he was surrounded by cavalry, who were, however, part of and in keeping with the procession. But when the President takes the oath of office before the people, and delivers his inaugural address, there is not a single man in uniform to stand between him and his fellow-countrymen, crowded together so close to him that by bending forward he could touch them with his hand.

The spectacle, as it was presented to the people on the stand, was more brilliant than that seen by those on the ground.

RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL

The stand overlooked a crowd of men, among whom were many women. It was a well-dressed crowd and well-behaved, but by no means a great crowd: at a football match on Thanksgiving Day in New York, three times as many people are gathered together. But it spread away from the stand in an unbroken mass for about a hundred yards, and stretched even farther to the right and left. On the outskirts people came and stood for a moment and walked away again, moving in and out among the trees of the Capitol grounds freely and without police supervision or interference; bicyclers dismounted and looked across the heads of the mass for a few minutes, and then mounted and rode away. There were no tickets of admission to this open space. The man with the broadest shoulders, or the woman who came first, stood as near to the President as any one on the platform, and heard him as easily as though they were conversing together in the same room. From the centre of

the crowd, rising like the judges' stands at a race-meeting, were three roughly made shanties, from which cameras photographed the actors on the platform at the rate of several thousands of exposures a minute, which photographs were a few days later to reproduce the scene from the stage of a dozen different theatres all over the United States.

Three or four troops of the United States cavalry, and two troops of the smart cavalry from Cleveland, were drawn up at the edge of the crowd, and the shining coats of the horses, and the tossing plumes in the helmets, and the yellow-topped busbies, made a brilliant bit of color under the trees. Back of all was the front of the new Congressional Library, trying not to look like the façade of the Paris Opera-House, with its gilded dome flashing in the warm sunshine.

The family and friends of the President, who were so numerous that it seemed as though the entire town of Canton had

moved down upon Washington, took their places around the dais, and the crowd cheered Major McKinley's wife and Major McKinley's mother. And the ladies smiled and bowed, and appeared supremely happy and content, as they looked down upon the faces in the crowd, which had turned a queer ghastly white in the bright sunlight, and appeared, as they were all raised simultaneously, like a carpet of human heads.

The procession, as it came from the Senate-Chamber, was not as effective as it might have been, for it came by jerks and starts, with long spaces in between, and then in groups, the members of which crowded on each other's heels. Senators and Representatives, who had lagged behind, in their anxiety to catch up with the procession, walked across the benches, stepping from one to another as boys race each other to the place in the front row of the top gallery. The crowd below cheered mightily when it saw the President

and President-elect, and Major McKinley walked out on the dais, and bowed bare-headed many times, while Mr. Cleveland, who throughout the day had left the centre of the stage entirely to his friend, gazed about him at the swaying crowd, and perhaps remembered two other inaugural addresses, which he had delivered to much the same crowd from the same platform.

The people were not kept waiting long, for the ceremony that makes a President lasts less than six minutes, while six hours are required to fasten the crown upon the Czar of Russia and to place the sceptre in his hand. One stone in that sceptre is worth one million of dollars, the crown three millions, and all the rulers of Europe, or their representatives, and great generals and statesmen, surround the Emperor while he takes the oath of office in the chapel of the gilded walls and jewelled pillars. And outside seventy thousand soldiers guard his safety. The President of the United States

last March took his oath of office on a Bible which had been given him by the colored congregation of a Methodist church, with the sunshine on his head in place of a crown, with his mother and wife sitting near him on yellow kitchen chairs, and his only sceptre was the type-written address bulging from the pocket of his frock-coat.

The little Chief Justice in his vast silken robe took the Bible which the clerk of the Senate handed to him and held it open before the President-elect, and the President, who was in a moment to be the ex-President, stood up beside them, with his hat in his hand and his head bared to the spring breeze, and turned and looked down kindly at the people massed below.

The people saw three men dressed plainly in black, one of them grave and judicial, another pale and earnest, and the third looking out across the mob unmoved and content. The noise and movement among the people were stilled for a mo-

ment as the voice of the Chief Justice recited the oath of office. As he spoke, it was as though he had pronounced an incantation, for, although the three figures remained as they were, so far as the people could see, a great transformation which the people could not see passed over the whole of the land, and its influence penetrated to the furthermost corners of the earth. There came a new face at the door and a new step on the floor, and men who had thoughts above office, men who held office, and men who hoped to hold office recognized the change that had come. It came to the postmaster of the fourth class buried in the snows near British Columbia, to the ambassador to the Court of St. James, to the inspector of customs where the Rio Grande cuts Mexico from the alkali plains and chaparral of Texas, to the gauger on the coral reef of Key West, to the revenue-officer among the moonshiners on Smoky Mountain, to American consuls in Europe, in

South America, in Asia, in the South Pacific isles. Little men who had been made cabinet ministers became little men again, and dwindled and sank into oblivion; other little men grew suddenly into big men, until the name and fame of them filled the land; mills that had been closed down sprang into usefulness; in other mills wheels ceased to turn and furnace fires grew cold; the lakes of Nicaragua moved as though a hand had stirred the waters, and began to flow from ocean to ocean and to cut a continent in two; stocks rose and fell; ministers of foreign affairs in all parts of the world planned new treaties and new tariffs; a newspaper correspondent in a calaboose in Cuba saw the jail doors swing open and the Spanish *comandante* beckon him out; and the boy orator of the Platte, who had been given the votes of nearly seven million citizens, heard the door of the White House close in his face and shut him out forever.

A government had changed hands with the quietness and dignity of the voice of the Chief Justice itself, and as Major McKinley bent to kiss the open Bible he became the executive head of the government of the United States and Grover Cleveland one of the many millions of American citizens he had sworn to protect.

A few foolish people attended the inauguration exercises and went away disappointed. This was not because the exercises were not of interest, but for the reason that the visitors saw them from the wrong point of view. They apparently expected to find in the inauguration of the President of a republic the same glitter and display that they had witnessed in state ceremonies in Europe. And by looking for pomp and rigid etiquette and officialism they missed the whole significance of the inauguratian, which is not intended to glorify any one man, but is a national celebration, in which every citizen has a

share—a sort of family gathering, where all the members of the clan, from the residents of the thirteen original States to those of that State which has put the latest star in the flag, are brought together to rejoice over a victory and to make the best of a defeat. There is no such celebration in any other country, and it is surely much better to enjoy it as something unique in its way and distinctly our own, than to compare some of its features with like features of coronations and royal weddings abroad, in which certain ruling families glorify themselves and the people pay the bill. Why should we go out of our way to compare cricket in America with cricket as it is played on its native turf in England when we have a national game of our own which we play better than any one else?

There was an effort made before the inauguration by certain anarchistic newspapers in New York to make it appear that the managers of ceremonies at Wash-

ington were aping the extravagant and ostentatious festivities of a monarchy, and it was pointed out with indignation that the inauguration would probably cost a half-million of dollars, of which the government would pay the larger part, and committees and private subscribers would make up the rest. This estimate looks rather small when it is remembered that at the coronation of the Czar the sum spent on ten sets of harness used in the procession alone amounted to eighty thousand dollars, which is more than the actual cost of the entire inaugural exercises. So it can be seen that the laurels of our foreign friends, in this respect at least, are as yet quite safe from us. It is impossible to compare the inauguration with state celebrations abroad, because the whole spirit of the thing is different. In Europe the people have little part in a state function except as spectators. They pay taxes to support a royal family and a standing army, and when a part of the royal family or a part of the

army goes out on parade the people line the sidewalks and look on.

In the inaugural procession the people themselves are the performers; the rulers for the time being are of their own choosing; and the people not only march in the parade, but they accomplish the somewhat difficult feat of standing on the sidewalks and watching themselves as they do it. There is all the difference between the two that there is between an amateur performance in which every one in the audience knows every one on the stage, and has helped to make the thing a success, and a professional performance where the spectators pay a high price to have some one else amuse them.

Every man who had voted the straight Republican ticket, and every Democrat who had voted for Major McKinley because he represented sound money, felt that his vote gave him a share in the inauguration, and that he had as good a right to celebrate the event as Mr. Mark

Hanna himself; so the inaugural procession and the inaugural ball which followed the swearing in of the new President were distinctly representative of the whole people, and not especially of any party, and certainly not of any class. In the inaugural parade there were many magnificent displays by the military and some superb uniforms and excellent music, and distinguished men from all over the Union, but the feature of the parade was its democracy. It represented the people, and every condition of the people; the people got it up, and the people carried it through to success, and their brothers and cousins stood by and applauded them. Parts of it were homely and parts of it were absurd, and some of it dragged and was tiresome; but the part that bored one spectator was probably the very feature of the parade which the man standing next to him enjoyed the most.

It was a great family outing, and it was interesting to hear the people of Washing-

ton — many of whom do not know that there is any cultivated land lying beyond the shadow of the Washington monument—cheering their fellow-countrymen from the far West and North, and to hear the bands playing "Dixie" and "My Maryland," which, had they been whistled in the streets of Washington some years before, would have brought out a riot instead of cheers. It was interesting also to see the white folks applauding the colored troops, and the old G. A. R. veteran who would not have had his lost arm back again on that day for several pensions, and to see the ambassador to France marching in the same column with the men against whom he had fought at Grant's side.

It was a great pity that more Americans could not have seen the bluejackets from the ships of war rolling and swaggering down Pennsylvania Avenue, which is the finest boulevard for such a procession that this country affords, and the engineers with

their red capes, the cavalry with their yellow plumes and two thousand sabres flashing in the sunlight, and the bicycle corps creeping and balancing at a snail's pace.

Next to the bluejackets, who are always first in the hearts of their countrymen, the light-blue uniforms and red capes of the engineers probably pleased the people best. They were all good and splendid in their own way, whether it was the rows on rows of infantry with their white facings, or the gauntlets and plumes of the cavalry, or the shining guns of the artillery crawling disjointedly like great iron spiders over the smooth asphalt.

There was a foreign touch and a suggestion of Europe in the jackets of Troop A of Cleveland on their magnificent black horses, in the brass-spiked helmets of the Essex troop, and in the new, light-blue uniforms of the squad from Troop A of New York, who looked even handsomer than when they wore the service uniform.

These are all militiamen, but they are rough riders and trick riders, and can clear a street during a riot or sit their horses and dodge coupling-pins with the *sang-froid* and coolness of real veterans.

There was one cavalry troop that was missed at the inauguration which should have been there, and, because of its traditions, should always be the escort of the incoming President. The First City Troop of Philadelphia took part in the war of the Revolution, and in every war in which this country has been engaged. It is a small body, but it sent eighty officers in command of cavalry regiments into the civil war. This troop acted as the escort of General Washington when he was President, and as the body-guard of almost every other new President. General Harrison, however, broke the precedent, and preferred to have some of the members of his old regiment act as his body-guard. Major McKinley followed his example. The next President may like

to have his bicycle club escort him. The action of General Harrison was no doubt pleasant for the Grand Army pensioners and his personal friends of the old regiment, but it is a question whether the people would not have preferred the record and the magnificence of the City Troop, who may be considered to have inherited their right to act as the escort of the President.

When the government, as represented by the soldiers and the bluejackets, had inspired the spectators with pride and patriotism, the people themselves, as represented by the militia and the Governors of the different States and political organizations, fell into line behind them, and showed how well they could march, and claimed their share of the public triumph and the public applause. Some of the militia regiments marched as well as the regulars, or better, and the naval cadets from New Jersey, Maryland, and Rhode Island would have passed inspec-

tion as "apprentices" for a real ship of war. There were many different kinds of uniform, and the men who wore them came from such great distances that their presence in Washington brought home the fact of how far-reaching is the sway of the republic, and how broad its territory. There were the Hemming Guards, Texas volunteers from Gainesville, Texas, who won their uniforms only last July by scoring 977 at the State encampment, and who appeared in them at the inauguration. And near these new soldiers from the largest State, was what is perhaps the oldest organization, from the smallest State, the Newport Artillery, which antedates the Union, and exists under a charter from King George II. in 1739, when England declared war on Spain—a charter which was ratified in 1782 by the Rhode Island General Assembly. There was also the Fifth Regiment of Maryland, which has a reputation almost as great as that of the New York Seventh, and there was the

Seventy-first of that city, a body which has its nucleus in the American Rifles; there was the order of the Old Guard from the modern city of Chicago, but which is composed of descendants of men who fought in the Indian wars and French wars, and in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812; and a few members of the Medal of Honor Legion, to each of whom Congress had voted a medal for bravery on the field of battle. There were, too, the Shenandoah Valley Patriotic League, from Virginia, formed of ex-Confederate soldiers and their sons, with the motto, "There should be no North, no South, no East, no West, but a common country," and a delegation from the Harmony Pre-Legion of Philadelphia, a relic of the old Harmony fire company, in helmets and red shirts; and there was the Republican Glee Club of Columbus, which has sung patriotic songs in every national campaign since that of Grant and Greeley.

These are but a few of the organizations

that passed up Pennsylvania Avenue in the brilliant afternoon sunshine between curtains of flags, with brass bands, every one of them playing "El Capitan" or the "Washington Post March." These are but a few, but they illustrate the varied nature of the procession. They represented, as it were, the whole people.

There was one feature of the parade which would have puzzled the foreigner had he understood its significance, and which was a commentary on our political system. It was the number of clubs and organizations which bore the name and existed for the personal and selfish aggrandizement of some one man, and that man seldom a great man or a wise man or a man of whom many people outside of his own city had ever heard. Every one must recognize the importance of political organizations; and when they are called the Junior Political Club of the Fourth Ward, or the Unconditional Republican Club of Albany, or the First Voters' Repub-

lican League of Detroit, their object for existing is obvious, and may be approved by every one, be he a Democrat, a mugwump, or a Populist. But when three hundred men march under a banner bearing the name and features of "Matt" Quay or "Tom" Platt or "Dave" Martin, the spectator is reminded not of a republic where every citizen is supposed to vote freely and as his conscience dictates, but of the feudal days, and of the baron and his serfs and retainers. It is easy to understand why the political boss exists, from the point of view of the boss, or why a slaveholder should be willing to hold slaves, but it is difficult to understand why the slaves themselves should rejoice in their degradation and wish to publish it abroad. Any one might be proud to march in the ranks of an organization that bore the name of an American who had accomplished something for his country, who had lived and died for a great truth, or who had represented a noble idea. But why should men

wear the collar of a boss where every one can see it; and why should they, for fear that every one should not see it, hire a brass band to draw attention to the fact that they have it on? These gentlemen who marched on Inauguration Day were, so the papers said, prominent business men, lawyers, and bankers. Many of them certainly looked as if they belonged to that class; but if they were men of intelligence, why could they not see how undemocratic and how un-American they were in giving their consciences into the hands of one man? One organization of nearly a thousand had for its motto, "We follow where Quigg leads." Now Mr. Quigg may be, probably is, a well-meaning young man, but why should a thousand men travel all the way to Washington when representatives from every part of the Union are gathered together there, and proclaim to them that they are no longer freeborn American citizens with a sacred right to vote as they please, but merely tools and heelers for "Quigg"?

These are the very same Americans who boast of their independence in the smoking-room of ocean steamers and in the railway carriages of Continental railroads, forgetting that there are few people in Europe who are ruled by such a boss as this or that one designated on these banners. If they are so ruled they are ashamed of the fact, and do not paint his face on a silk banner as though he were a saint, and bow down to it, or carry a gilded spear with a pennant bearing his name at its point.

"Who," the poor king-ridden visitor might have asked at Washington, as the clubs went marching by with these pennants — "who is Kurtz, or Quigg, or Quay?"

Who indeed!

But how much more important it would be to know who the men are who glorify them, and who have sunk their independence so far that, for the chance of getting a window in a post-office, or a policeman's

uniform, they will march through the dirty streets under their banners.

However, these men formed but a small part of this extremely democratic procession, and their presence in it was soon forgotten. It was the soldiers and the bluejackets, the militia and the naval reserve, that the spectators remembered, the men who carry a United States flag, and not a banner bearing a man's portrait, and who serve unselfishly their State and country, and are willing to follow their leaders to more dangerous places than the club-room and the polling-booth.

When the vanguard of the procession reached the White House, Mr. Cleveland, who had accompanied the President on his return journey from the Capitol, but seated now on his left instead of on his right, entered the White House perhaps for the last time, and left it again immediately.

No incident of the inauguration exercises is so significant or dramatic as this

abrupt departure into private life of the ex-President. There is no farewell speech for him to make, no *post-mortem* address such as the one the Vice-President delivers. The ex-President's works must speak for him, and he departs in silence and unattended.

On this last occasion, while the new President walked out to the reviewing-stand in front of the White House grounds, and the spectators on the grandstand opposite rose to cheer him, Mr. Cleveland stepped into his carriage at a side door, and, leaving the house he had occupied for eight of the best years of his life, drove away with no more important business before him than a few days' fishing. The blare of the bands and the cheers for his successor in office followed him, but the faces of the people were turned away; they were greeting the new and rising sun; and, freed from the terrible responsibilities of office, from abuse and criticism, and from the glare that falls even more

REVIEWING THE PROCESSION FROM THE STAND IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

impudently upon the President of a republic than upon a throne, Mr. Cleveland was driven, a free man once again, to the Seventh Street wharf, where a tender with steam up was awaiting his coming. Two of his friends hurried him on board, the ropes were cast off, the captain jingled his bell into the depths of the engine-room, and the ex-President glided peacefully down the Potomac, sorting out his rods and lines on the deck, and intent only upon the holiday before him.

Our local historians and political writers, John Bach McMaster, Woodrow Wilson, and Albert Shaw, have already placed Mr. Cleveland high among the Presidents, and, as time wears on, and the grievances and disappointments which explain so much of the criticism that he has received shall have passed away, he will be remembered if only for the things he dared to leave undone. He will take his place in history as a man more hated and more respected than any of his immediate pre-

decessors, and as one of the three great Presidents of America.

Before the two men had parted at the White House steps, Mrs. Cleveland received Mrs. McKinley on her return from the Capitol, and put a bunch of flowers in her hand, and led her to the luncheon she had prepared for her and her guests, and then slipped away as quietly as her husband, to make ready the new home they have chosen in the pretty old town of Princeton. And while the new first lady of the land was receiving the greetings from the populace in front of the White House, its late mistress was speeding away through the late afternoon twilight, her car swamped with the flowers that had come to her from every part of the United States, and carrying with her into her new life in her new home the best wishes of a great nation.

The inaugural ball was held in the Pension Building; it was as democratic in its way as was the parade, and it was

as successful. Any one who paid five dollars was welcome, and no one after he had arrived made himself unwelcome. That is much more than can be said of many other public balls given for charity or for the benefit of some organization, and to which access is more difficult. The most successful feature of the ball was perhaps the decoration of the building, the original character of which—if anything connected with our pension system can be said to have a character—was completely hidden by the most charming and graceful arrangement of white and yellow draperies and flowering yellow plants and great green palms and palmettoes. This scheme of color, of white and yellow with dark green, was continued over the entire ballroom.

The Pension Building is arranged around a great court, which is overhung with galleries and has a high roof 120 feet from the tiled floor. This court is divided into smaller courts by rows of immense

pillars. On the night of the ball the roof over each of the three sections was hidden by streamers of white challis as wide as the sails of a ship, which were caught up together in the centre by bunches of white electric lights, and fell from them in billowy folds to meet and wind about the pillars. To one who looked up at the ceiling it appeared as though he were standing in a great white tent rather than in a house of stone and iron, and the effect of the electric lights against the soft white folds of the challis was that of yellow diamonds shining through spun silver. The huge pillars were treated to resemble onyx, and were built high about the base with flowering plants, all of yellow—yellow jonquils, yellow tulips, and acacias. Along the galleries and across the white ceiling crept long delicate vines of ivy, and hidden among the sturdier palms and palmettoes on the floor were hundreds of tiny electric globes glowing like red and green fire-flies. There were many uniforms in the crush, and more

gold lace than this country has probably ever seen gathered into one place before; and there were some fine gowns, and some gowns which were peculiar. A number of the women wore black silk frocks or their street dress, but they made up for the simplicity of these by the brilliancy of the silk badges with which they had covered themselves from shoulder to shoulder. The shoulders of a few other women were their most conspicuous feature, and they were, in consequence, objects of the most earnest interest to many grave-eyed strangers from the far interior, in frock-coats and white satin ties, who had read about such things in the papers, but who disbelieved in them as they disbelieved in the existence of bunco-steerers. One stranger had brought his little child with him, who went to sleep on his shoulder, and he carried her there all the evening while he pushed his way through the crowd, serious and solemn-eyed, and unconscious that he was in any way conspicuous.

Women of great social position, as it is meted out to them in the columns of the Sunday papers, passed in the crowd unrecognized and unobserved, while other women, through a somewhat novel arrangement of fur capes on a silk shirt-waist, or a gown covered with silk flowers, received the respectful attention which they deserved. It was the people's ball, and the manners of the people, as contrasted with those of that same "society" which is chronicled in the papers, were much the finer of the two. They were not afraid to enjoy themselves, and they were genial and unaffected and genuinely polite, introducing all their friends to all of their other friends whenever they met, while the men seldom gave an arm to less than three of the ladies in their care.

There were ambassadors and their wives; Governors of States surrounded by aides to the number of a dozen or more, glittering with gold braids and flashing scabbards; there were beautiful women from

the South and West, and women from the sister republics of South America, with strange little dark-skinned husbands; and there were countless numbers of well-dressed women whose clothes came from Europe, and who were anxious to go back to Europe again as the wives of newly appointed ministers or secretaries of legation, and who followed the passing of Mark Hanna with anxious and agitated eyes.

Just before the President and Mrs. McKinley entered the ballroom the committeemen pushed their way through the crowd and asked the men standing nearest to them to join hands with the men next them, and in this way they formed two long lines of young men who never had met before, who would probably never meet again, and who had no interest in common except their anxiety that the ball should pass off well. Through these lines of volunteers the President and his wife passed, followed by the members of his cabinet, and the people bowed and smiled and

beamed upon them much as the crowd in a church does when the bride and the groom come back from the altar up the aisle. In a foreign country there would have been soldiers or policemen to push the crowd back and to clear the way for the ruler of the nation. How much pleasanter it was to have the men in the crowd act as their own police and look after their own President themselves!

The casual picking up of these young men and pressing them into this particular service was typical of all of the inauguration ceremonies. It shows where our celebration differed from that other great ceremonial which took place last year at Moscow.

The coronation ceremony, parade, and ball were state ceremonials, to pay for which the people were taxed forty millions of dollars, and at which their part was to stand behind two rows of soldiers and look at fireworks in the sky.

The inauguration exercises, the parade,

AN EMBASSY FROM ALGIERS

and the ball were all a part of a celebration of the victory of honesty and of principle for the American people, and at these ceremonies the people themselves were the chief actors.

WITH THE GREEK SOLDIERS

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WITH THE GREEK SOLDIERS

THE strategic position of the Greek and Turkish armies in the late campaign was but little more complicated than the strategic position of two football teams when they are lined up for a scrimmage. When the game began, the Greeks had possession of the ball, and they rushed it into Turkish territory, where they lost it almost immediately on a fumble, and after that the Turks drove them rapidly down the field, going around their ends and breaking through their centre very much as they pleased.

The Greeks were outnumbered three to one, but there are many people who think that they would have run away even had the number of men on both sides been

equal. There is, however, no way of proving that they would have done this, while it can be proved that they were outnumbered, and were nearly always, for that reason, attacked as strongly on the flank as in the front. This fact should be placed to their credit side in summing up their strange conduct. If an eleven from Princeton played three elevens from Yale at the same time, one can see that the game would hardly be interesting; and to carry out the simile still further, and then to drop it, it was as though this Princeton eleven was untrained, and had no knowledge of tricks nor of team-play, and absolutely no regard for its captain as a captain.

It is a question whether the chief trouble with the Greeks is not that they are too democratic to make good soldiers, and too independent to submit to being led by any one from either the council-chamber or the field. Perhaps the most perfect example of pure democracy that exists anywhere in the world is found among the Greeks to-

day—a state of equality the like of which is not to be found with us nor in the republic of France. Each Greek thinks and acts independently, and respects his neighbor's opinion just as long as his neighbor agrees with him. The king sits in cafés and chats with his subjects, and they buy the wine he sells and the asparagus he grows, and in return he purchases their mutton. My courier, who was a hotel runner, used to shake hands with the Minister of War and the Minister of the Interior, and they called him by his first name and seemed very glad to meet him. Newsboys in Athens argued together as to what the concert of the Powers might do next, and private soldiers travelled first-class, and discussed the war with their officers during the journey in the most affable and friendly manner. The country was like a huge debating society. When these men were called out to act as soldiers, almost every private had his own idea as to how the war should be con-

ducted. He had a map of the country in his canvas bag, and as his idea not infrequently clashed with the ideas of his superiors, there were occasional moments of confusion. The fact that his officers wore a few more stars on their collars than he did, and were called colonel or major, did not impress him in the least. He regarded such distinctions as mere descriptive phrases, intended to designate one man from another, just as streets are named differently in order to distinguish them, and he continued to act and to think for himself, as had been his habit. On the march to Domokos three privates argued with a major, who was old enough to have been the father of all of them, as to whether or not they should leave the camp to fill their canteens. The major stamped his feet and threw his hands above his head and expostulated frantically, and they soothed him and tried to persuade him by various arguments that he was unreasonable. They treated him respectfully, prob-

ably on account of his years, but they showed him clearly that they considered his premises erroneous and his position illogical.

It may be argued that discipline is not the most essential quality in a soldier, and that sometimes naturally born fighting-men, with the advantage of greater numbers, can defeat trained veterans. But the Greeks were neither born fighters nor trained soldiers.

In Greece every soldier was a little army by himself, and when he decided that it was time to turn and run, there was no familiar elbow-touch to remind him that he was not alone. He was sure he was just as intelligent as any one else, and quite as able to tell when the critical moment had arrived, and so, naturally, it arrived very often.

This does not mean that all the Greeks were cowards. That would be an exceedingly absurd thing to suggest. Some of them, officers and men alike, showed ad-

mirable calmness and courage, and an excellent knowledge of what they had to do. But a great many of them knew little of campaigning, and nothing of fighting. A boy in the States who has camped out for one summer in the Adirondacks would have known better how to care for the Greek soldiers in the field than did half of their officers, who had learned what they knew of war around the cafés in Athens. I was with one regiment in which almost every man started for the field in perfectly new shoes. The result was that within five hours or sooner half of them were walking barefoot; and when we came to the first water-tank these men ran ahead and stuck their bleeding feet into the cool water, and stamped it full of mud, and made it quite impossible for any of their comrades to fill their thirsty canteens. Whenever we came to water, instead of holding the men back and sending a detail on ahead to guard the well, and then calling up a few men from each company

to fill the canteens for the majority, there was always a stampede of this sort, and the water was wasted and much time lost. These are little things, but they illustrate as well as more important blunders how ignorantly the men were handled.

Too many of the Greeks, also, went forth to war with a most exaggerated idea of the ease with which a Turkish regiment can be slaughtered or made to run away; and when they found that very few Turks were killed, and that none of them ran away, the surprise at the discovery quite upset them, and they became panic-stricken, and there was the rout to Larissa in consequence. The rout to Larissa was as actual a disaster for the Greeks as bad ammunition would have been, or an epidemic of fever among the troops. We can remember how the fire in the Charity Bazaar in Paris affected the Parisians for weeks after it had occurred, and made them fearful of entering public places of amusement, and that the size of audiences

on account of it suffered all over the world. A similar terror lay back in the mind of each Greek soldier. He felt that what one Greek had done he might do. He remembered how his comrades had hurled their arms away from them, how they rode each other down, and how their own artillery left a line of dead and wounded Greeks behind it in its flight. Instead of assuring himself, in lack of any evidence to the contrary, that he was going to stand and fall in his own footprints, he was haunted with doubts of his courage. "Am I going to run, as they did at Larissa?" he asked himself repeatedly, and he was considering to what point he could retreat, instead of observing the spot in the landscape to which he would advance. He kept his fingers feeling and probing at the pulse of his courage, instead of pressing them on the hammer of his rifle. If it be possible to inspire men to deeds of bravery by calling upon them to remember Marathon or Waterloo or the Alamo, it is

easy to understand that the word Larissa, even though it were whispered by a camp fire at midnight, might produce an opposite result.

Many people believe that a true understanding of the Greek campaign depends upon an acquaintance with the letters which passed between the King and his royal relatives in the courts of Europe. Without them no one can guess how much the secret orders he may or may not have received from the Powers served to influence the conduct of the war. The Greek soldiers, at one time, at least, were undoubtedly of the opinion that they had been deceived and betrayed by the King at the demands of the Powers, and that their commander-in-chief, the Crown-Prince, had received orders not to give battle, but to retreat continually. This feeling was as strong among the people in the towns and cities as it was among the soldiers in the fields, and portraits and photographs of the royal family were defaced and thrown

out into the street, and in Athens a mob led by a Deputy marched upon the palace to assassinate the King, after having helped itself to arms and ammunition in the different gun-shops. The mob would probably have done nothing to the King, except to frighten him a little, and only desired to make a demonstration, and, as a matter of history, it did not even see him. For when the Deputy, at the threshold of the palace, demanded to be led at once into the presence of his Majesty, a nervous aide-de-camp replied through the half-open door that his Majesty did not receive on that day. And the Deputy, recognizing the fact that it is impossible to kill a man if he is not at home, postponed the idea of assassination, and explained to the bloodthirsty mob that for purposes of regicide it had chosen an inconvenient time. His Majesty's days for being killed were probably Tuesdays and Thursdays, between four and seven.

King George was unfortunate in having

been carried beyond his depth by a people who seem as easily moved as those of a Spanish-American republic, and the worst they say of him is that he is a weak man, and one who plays the part of king badly. Had he told the people stoutly that they were utterly unprepared for war—a fact which no one knew better than himself—they could not, when they received the thrashing which he knew must come, have blamed him for not having warned them like a true friend. But he did not do that. He said, from the balcony of the palace, that, if war should come, he himself would lead them into Thessaly; and then, by delaying the declaration of war, he allowed the Turkish forces sufficient time in which to take up excellent positions. Even after the war began he made no use whatsoever of the navy. As the Turks had no navy worth considering, the Greek war-ships in comparison formed the most important part of their war equipment. And had their government, or the Powers, allowed them to

do so, the Greek vessels might have seized any number of little Turkish islands and garrisoned them until peace was declared. These would have been of great value to Greece later, when the terms of peace were being drawn up and indemnities were being discussed and demanded. But as it was, except for the siege of Prevesa, no one heard of the Greek navy from the beginning of the war to its end.

It is difficult to arouse much sympathy for the royal family. People of unimaginative minds already suggest that kings and princes are but relics of the Middle Ages, and if the kings and princes who still survive wish to give a reason for their place in the twentieth century they should at least show themselves to be men. A prince enjoys a very comfortable existence; he is well paid to be ornamental and tactful, and not to interfere in affairs of state; but occasionally there comes the time when he has to pay for what has gone before by showing that he is something apart from

his subjects—that he is a prince among men. In the old days the Crown-Prince was not exempt from exposing himself in the fighting line. It is true he disguised a half-dozen other men in armor like his own, so that he had a seventh of a chance of escaping recognition. But there was that one chance out of seven that he would be the one set upon by the enemy, and that he would lose his kingdom by an arrow or a blow from a battle-axe. They led their subjects in those days; they did not, at the first sign of a rebuff, desert them on a special train.

That, unfortunately, was what the Crown-Prince Constantine did at Larissa. It was only right that, both as the heir-apparent and as commander-in-chief, he should have taken care to preserve his life. But he was too careful; or, to be quite fair to him, it may have been that he was ill-advised by the young men on his staff. Still, his staff was of his own choosing. His chief-of-staff was a young man known as a lead-

er of cotillions in Athens, and who, so I was repeatedly informed, has refused to fight nine duels in a country where that relic of barbarism is still recognized as an affair touching a man's honor. It was this youth who turned the Greek ladies out of a railroad carriage to make room for the Prince, and who helped to fill it with his Highness's linen and dressing-cases. It is pleasant to remember that one of the democratic porters at the railroad station was so indignant at this that he knocked the aide-de-camp full length on the platform. One of the Greek papers, in describing the flight of the Crown-Prince, said, in an editorial, "We are happy to state that on the arrival of the train it was found that not one pocket-handkerchief belonging to the Prince was lost — and so the honor of Greece is saved." Another paper said, "Louës the peasant won the race from Marathon; Constantine the Prince won the race from Larissa."

"It is given to very few men to carry a

line to a sinking ship or to place a flag upon the walls of Lucknow," and even less frequently than to other men is such a chance given to a crown-prince; and when he fails to take the chance, the conspicuousness of his position makes his failure just so much the more terrible. When other men make mistakes they can begin a new life under a new flag and a new name at Buenos Ayres or Callao; but a crown-prince cannot change his name nor his flag. Other men, who had no more lives to spare than has his Royal Highness, remained in the trenches; indeed, many of them went there out of mere idle curiosity, to see a fight, to take photographs, or to pick up souvenirs from the field. And women, too, with little scissors and lancets dangling like trinkets from their chatelaines, and red crosses on their arms, stood where he did not stand. If he had only walked out and shown himself for a moment, and spoken to the men and questioned the officers, and then ridden away

again, he would have made himself the most popular man in Greece, and would have established his dynasty forever in that country. He did this at Pharsala, but then it was too late; every one knew that when the whole country was calling him a coward, he would have to be brave the second time. And so Constantine must spend the rest of his life explaining his conduct, when he might have let one brave act speak for him. Nicholas, the other prince, who is a lieutenant in the artillery, was not seen near his battery during the fight before the retreat to Larissa; and as for that big, bluff, rollicking sea-dog, George, who is always being photographed in naval togs, with his cap cocked recklessly over one ear, he was never heard of from one end of the campaign to the other. It was generally reported that he had taken the navy on a voyage of exploration to the north pole.

One night, on our way to Volo, an Australian correspondent, who was very much

EVZONES LEAVING VONITZA FOR SALAGORA

of a democrat, and anything but a snob, was trying to explain and to justify the conduct of the Crown-Prince at Larissa. But he either found his audience unsympathetic or sceptical, for at last he laughed and shrugged his shoulders: "After all," he said, "it should mean something even to-day to be a prince."

I first came up with the Greek soldiers at Actium, on the Gulf of Arta, where the artillery and the war-ships were shelling Prevesa.

The Gulf of Arta has Greece on its one bank and Turkey on the other, and where it empties into the Adriatic, there is Prevesa on the Turkish side; and on the Greek side a solitary stone hut. Below it is the island of Santa Maura and a town of toy houses as old and black as Dutch-ovens and with overhanging, red-tiled roofs. Santa Maura lies below Corfu and above Cephalonia, and close to neither; but those are the places nearest on the map that are displayed in type large enough to serve as

blocked that space in different places. If a man happened to be standing in the line of a bullet he was killed and passed into eternity, leaving a wife and children, perhaps, to mourn him. "Father died," these children will say, "doing his duty." As a matter of fact, father died because he happened to stand up at the wrong moment, or because he turned to ask the man on his right for a match, instead of leaning towards the left, and he projected his bulk of two hundred pounds where a bullet, fired by a man who did not know him and who had not aimed at him, happened to want the right of way. One of the two had to give it, and as the bullet would not, the soldier had his heart torn out. The man who sat next to me happened to move to fill his cartridge-box just as the bullet that wanted the space he had occupied passed over his bent shoulder; and so he was not killed, but will live for sixty years, perhaps, and will do much good or much evil. Another man in the same trench

sat up to clean out his rifle, and had his arm in the air driving the cleaning-rod down the barrel, when a bullet passed through his lungs, and the gun fell across his face, with the rod sticking in it, and he pitched forward on his shoulder quite dead. If he had not cleaned his gun at that moment he would probably be alive in Athens now, sitting in front of a café and fighting the war over again. Viewed from that point, and leaving out the fact that God ordered it all, the fortunes of the game of war seemed as capricious as matching pennies, and as impersonal as the wheel at Monte Carlo. In it the brave man did not win because he was brave, but because he was lucky. A fool and a philosopher are equal at a game of dice. And these men who threw dice with death were interesting to watch, because, though they gambled for so great a stake, they did so unconcernedly and without flinching, and without apparently appreciating the seriousness of the game.

sheep, and the shepherds leaning on their long rifles, and looking, in their tights and sleeveless cloaks and embroidered jackets, like young princes of the soil.

It is hard to imagine men fighting fiercely and with bloodshot eyes in such a place; and, as a matter of fact, no men were fighting there, except in a measured, leisurely, and well-bred way. Over in Thessaly, for all we know here, there was war, and all that war entails; but by the Arta the world went on much as it had before — the sheep-bells tinkled from every hill-side, the soldiers picnicked under the shade of the trees, and the bombardment of Prevesa continued, with interruptions of a day at a time, and the answering guns of the Turks returned the compliment in an apologetic and desultory fashion. Sometimes it almost seemed—so bad was the aim of the Turkish soldiers—that they were uncertain as to whether or not they had loaded their pieces, and were pulling the lanyards in order to find

out, being too lazy to open the breech and look.

I rode out one day into the camp at Actium, where the solitary stone hut looked across on Prevesa, and Prevesa on the sea, and found a regiment of artillery camping out in the bushes, and two officers and a cable-operator bivouacked in the hut. A merry sergeant explained that a correspondent had come all the way from America to describe their victories; and the regiment gathered outside the stone hut and made comments and interrupted their officers and contradicted them, and the officers regarded the men kindly and with the most perfect good feeling. It was not the sort of discipline that obtains in other Continental armies, but it was probably attributable to the scenery—no colonel could be a martinet under such a sky. The cable-operator played for us on a guitar, and the major sang second in a rich bass voice, and the colonel opened tinned cans of caviare and Danish butter, and the

army watched us eat with serious and hospitable satisfaction. One man brought water, and another made chocolate, and a stern corporal ordered the soldiers away; but they knew he was only jesting, and, after turning around, came back again, and bowed as one man, and removed their caps whenever we drank anybody's health. It reminded one of a camp of volunteers off for a week of sham-battles in the country. When I started on my way again the colonel detailed an escort; and when I assured him there was no danger, he assured me in return that he was well aware of that, but that this was a "guard for honor." No man can resist a "guard for honor," and so part of the army detached itself and tramped off, picking berries as it marched, and stopping to help a shepherd lad "round up" a stray goat, or to watch two kids fighting for the supremacy of a ledge of rock. It is impossible to harbor evil thoughts, even of a Turk who is shelling your camp, after you have stood for a quar-

ter of an hour watching two kids roll each other off a rock. The state of mind that follows the one destroys the possibility of your entertaining the state of mind that is necessary for the other.

On the next day a company of the 10th Regiment of Infantry left Salagora for the Five Wells, where there was to be a great battle that afternoon. We were on Turkish soil now, but still the soldiers carried themselves like boys off on a holiday, and, like boys, enjoyed it all the more because they were trespassing on forbidden ground. We all may have our own ideas as to how an armed force invades the territory of the enemy—the alertness with which the men watch for an ambush, the pickets thrown out in front, and the scowling faces of the inhabitants as the victors and invaders pass. Perhaps, to a vivid imagination, the situation suggests poisoned wells left behind as mementos, and spiked cannon abandoned by the road-side, and burning fields that mark the wake of the flying

enemy. But we saw none of these things on that part of the frontier. It is true the inhabitants of Salagora had abandoned a few cannon, and (which seemed to cause more delight to the Greek soldiers) a post-office full of postal-cards, upon which they wrote messages to their friends at home, with the idea of posting them while on Turkish soil, and so making the Turkish government unwittingly forward these evidences of its own humiliation. The men sang as they marched, and marched as they pleased, and the country people that we met saluted them gravely by touching the forehead and breast. No one scowled at them, and they feared no ambush, but jogged along, strung out over a distance of a quarter of a mile, and only stopping when the Turkish guns, which were now behind us, fired across the gulf at a round fort on a hill in Greece, and a white puff of smoke drifted lazily after the ball to see where it had gone. The field birds, and the myriad of insect life, and the

DRAGGING OFF A TURKISH CANNON ABANDONED AT ŞALAGORA

low chimes of the sheep-bells so filled the hot air with the sounds of peace that it was an effort to believe that the heavy rumble and thick upheaval of the air behind us came from hot-throated cannon. One suspected rather that some workmen were blasting in a neighboring quarry, and one looked ahead for the man with the red flag who should warn us of descending stones. The soldiers halted near mid-day at a Greek church—for almost all of those Turks who live on the shores of the Arta are Christians—and the old priest came out and kissed each of them on the cheek, and the conquering heroes knelt and kissed his hand. Then there was more picnicking, and the men scattered over the church-yard, and some plucked and cooked the chickens they had brought with them, and others slept, stretched out on the tombstones, and others chatted amicably and volubly with the Turkish peasants, who had come, full of curiosity, from the fields to greet them. And after an hour

we moved on again; but before we left the village, a Turk ran ahead and lifted the glass from the front of the picture of the Saviour that hung under a great tree, and his friends the enemy broke ranks, and, with their caps in their hands and crossing themselves, knelt and kissed the picture that the Turk held out to them, and prayed that his brother Turks might not kill them a few hours later at the Five Wells.

But we never saw the Five Wells; for within an hour's ride from it we met peasants fleeing down the road, bent under their household goods, and with wild tales that the battle had already gone to the Turks, and that all the Greek troops were retreating on the city of Arta. And soon we came in sight of long lines of men crawling into the valley from all sides, and looking no larger than tin soldiers against the high walls of the mountain. It was a leisurely withdrawal, and no one seemed to know the reason for it. A colonel, with his staff about him, shrug-

A PRIEST OF THE GREEK CHURCH IN TURKEY SURROUNDED BY GREEK SOLDIERS

ged his shoulders when I rode up and asked why the battle we had marched so far to see had been postponed. The commander-in-chief had ordered him to return, he said, for what reason he knew not. "But I am coming back again," he added, cheerfully.

The road to Arta was not wider than a two-wheeled ox-cart, and down it, for many hours, and until long after the stars began to show, poured and pressed an unbroken column of artillery and cavalry and infantry, which latter carried their guns as they chose and walked in no order. Men sat by the road-side, panting in the heat, or stretched sleeping in the wheat-fields, or splashed in the mud around some stone well, where a village maiden dipped the iron bucket again and again, and filled their canteens, and smiled upon them all with equal favor. Now and then a courier would break through the cloud of dust, taking outline gradually, like an impression on a negative, his brass buttons showing

across the hills like an invasion of great ants, and the Greek army that had made the two best and most dignified stands of the war at Velestinos withdrew upon Halmyros, and the Turks poured into the village and burned it, leaving nothing standing save two tall Turkish minarets that they had built many years before, when Thessaly belonged to the Sultan.

There have been many Turkish minarets within the last two years standing above burning villages and deserted homes all over Asia Minor and Armenia. They have looked down upon the massacre of twenty thousand people within these last two years, and upon the destruction of no one knows how many villages. If the five Powers did not support these minarets, they would crumble away and fall to pieces. Greece tried to upset them, but she was not brave enough, nor wise enough, nor strong enough, and so they still stand, as these two stand at Velestinos, pointing

on the packs of bedding, and others slept lashed to their mothers' shoulders in queer, three-cornered, trough-like cradles. The men and boys, costumed like grand-opera brigands, dashed shrieking in and out of the mob, chasing back the goats and sheep that had made a break for liberty, and the soldiers helped them, charging the sheep with their bayonets, and laughing and shouting as though it were some kind of game. Over all the dust rose and hung in choking clouds, through which the sun cast a yellow glare. And so for many hours the two armies of peasants and of soldiers panted and pushed and struggled towards the high narrow bridge that guards the way to Arta.

It is such a bridge as Horatius with two others might have held against an army; it rises like a rainbow in the air, a great stone arch as steep as an inverted V. It is made of white stone, with high parapets. Into this narrow gorge cannon and ammunition wagons, goats and sheep, little girls

carrying other little girls, mules loaded with muskets, mules hidden under packs of green fodder, officers struggling with terrified horses that threatened to leap with them over the parapet into the river below, peasants tugging at long strings of ponies, women bent to the earth under pans and kettles, and company after company of weary and sweating soldiers pushed and struggled for hours together, while far out on either side hordes of the weaker brothers, who, leaving it to others to demonstrate the survival of the fittest, had dropped by the way-side, lay spread out like a great fan, but still from time to time feeding the bridge, until it stretched above the river like a human chain of men and beasts linked together in inextricable confusion.

Of course it was a feast day when this happened. It always is a feast day of the Greek Church when such an event can be arranged to particularly inconvenience the greatest number of people. There were

three in succession at Moscow when the Czar was crowned, and for that time no bank was opened, and every one borrowed from every one else or went hungry. And no shop was opened in Arta that night when the army retreated upon it, and officers and men packed the streets until daylight, beating at the closed shutters and offering their last drachma for a slice of bread, while the shepherds camped out with their flocks on the sidewalks and in the public squares.

But the wine-shops were open, and in and out of them the soldiers and their officers tramped and pushed, hungry and footsore and thirsty; and though no "lights out" sounded that night, or if it did no one heard it, there was not a drunken man, not a quarrelsome man, in that great mob that overwhelmed and swamped the city.

Late at night, when I turned in on a floor that I shared with three others, the men were still laughing and singing in the streets, and greeting old friends like lost

brothers, and utterly unconscious of the shadow of war that hung over them, and of the fact that the Turks were already far advanced on Greek soil, and were threatening Pharsala, Velestinos, and Volo.

The Turks had made three attacks on Velestinos on three different days, and had been repulsed each time. A week later, on the 4th of May, they came back again, to the number of ten thousand, and brought four batteries with them, and the fighting continued for two days more. This was called the second battle of Velestinos. In the afternoon of the 5th the Crown-Prince withdrew from Pharsala to take up a stronger position at Domokos, and the Greeks under General Smolenski, the military hero of the campaign, were forced to retreat, and the Turks came in, and, according to their quaint custom, burned the village and marched on to Volo. John Bass, an American correspondent, and myself were keeping house in the village, in the home of the mayor. He had fled

AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT (JOHN BASS) DIRECTING THE FIRE OF THE GREEKS

VELESTINOS

from the town, as had nearly all of the villagers; and as we liked the appearance of his house, I gave Bass a leg up over the wall around his garden, and Bass opened the gate, and we climbed in through his front window. It was like the invasion of the home of the Dusantes by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and, like them, we were constantly making discoveries of fresh treasure-trove. Sometimes it was in the form of a cake of soap or a tin of coffee, and once it was the mayor's fluted petticoats, which we tried on, and found very heavy. We could not discover what he did for pockets. All of these things, and the house itself, were burned to ashes, we were told, a few hours after we retreated, and we feel less troubled now at having made such free use of them than we did at the time of our occupation.

On the morning of the 4th we were awakened by the firing of cannon from a hill just over our heads, and we both got up and shook hands in the middle of the

room. There was to be a battle, and we were the only correspondents on the spot. As I represented the London *Times*, Bass was the only representative of an American newspaper who saw this battle from its beginning to its end.

We found all the hills to the left of the town topped with long lines of men crouching in little trenches. There were four rows of hills. If you had measured the distance from one hill-top to the next, they would have been from one hundred to three hundred yards distant from one another. In between the hills were gullies, or little valleys, and the beds of streams that had dried up in the hot sun. These valleys were filled with high grass that waved about in the breeze and was occasionally torn up and tossed in the air by a shell. The position of the Greek forces was very simple. On the top of each hill was a trench two or three feet deep and some hundred yards long. The earth that had been scooped out to make

AN ENCAMPMENT OF GREEK SOLDIERS

the trench was packed on the edge facing the enemy, and on the top of that some of the men had piled stones, through which they poked their rifles. When a shell struck the ridge it would sometimes scatter these stones in among the men, and they did quite as much damage as the shells. Back of these trenches, and down that side of the hill which was farther from the enemy, were the reserves, who sprawled at length in the long grass, and smoked and talked and watched the shells dropping into the gully at their feet.

The battle, which lasted two days, opened in a sudden and terrific storm of hail. But the storm passed as quickly as it came, leaving the trenches running with water, like the gutters of a city street after a spring shower; and the men soon sopped them up with their overcoats and blankets, and in half an hour the sun had dried the wet uniforms, and the field-birds had begun to chirp again, and the grass was warm and fragrant. The sun was terribly

hot. There was no other day during that entire brief campaign when its glare was so intense or the heat so suffocating. The men curled up in the trenches, with their heads pressed against the damp earth, panting and breathing heavily, and the heat-waves danced and quivered about them, making the plain below flicker like a picture in a cinematograph.

From time to time an officer would rise and peer down into the great plain, shading his eyes with his hands, and shout something at them, and they would turn quickly in the trench and rise on one knee. And at the shout that followed they would fire four or five rounds rapidly and evenly, and then, at a sound from the officer's whistle, would drop back again and pick up the cigarettes they had placed in the grass and begin leisurely to swab out their rifles with a piece of dirty rag on a cleaning-rod. Down in the plain below there was apparently nothing at which they could shoot except the great shadows of the

clouds drifting across the vast checker-board of green and yellow fields, and disappearing finally between the mountain-passes beyond. In some places there were square dark patches that might have been bushes, and nearer to us than these were long lines of fresh earth, from which steam seemed to be escaping in little wisps. What impressed us most of what we could see of the battle then was the remarkable number of cartridges the Greek soldiers wasted in firing into space, and the fact that they had begun to fire at such long range that, in order to get the elevation, they had placed the rifle-butt under the armpit instead of against the shoulder. Their sights were at the top notch. The cartridges reminded one of corn-cobs jumping out of a corn-sheller, and it was interesting when the bolts were shot back to see a hundred of them pop up into the air at the same time, flashing in the sun as though they were glad to have done their work and to get out again. They rolled

by the dozens underfoot, and twinkled in the grass, and when one shifted his position in the narrow trench, or stretched his cramped legs, they tinkled musically. It was like wading in a gutter filled with thimbles.

Then there began a concert which came from just overhead—a concert of jarring sounds and little whispers. The "shrieking shrapnel," of which one reads in the description of every battle, did not sound so much like a shriek as it did like the jarring sound of telegraph wires when some one strikes the pole from which they hang, and when they came very close the noise was like the rushing sound that rises between two railroad trains when they pass each other in opposite directions and at great speed. After a few hours we learned by observation that when a shell sang overhead it had already struck somewhere else, which was comforting, and which was explained, of course, by the fact that the speed of the shell is so

FIRING FROM THE TRENCHES AT VELESTINOS

much greater than the rate at which sound travels. The bullets were much more disturbing; they seemed to be less open in their warfare, and to steal up and sneak by, leaving no sign, and only whispering as they passed. They moved under a cloak of invisibility, and made one feel as though he were the blind man in a game of blind-man's-buff, where every one tapped him in passing, leaving him puzzled and ignorant as to whither they had gone and from what point they would come next. The bullets sounded like rustling silk, or like humming-birds on a warm summer's day, or like the wind as it is imitated on the stage of a theatre. Any one who has stood behind the scenes when a storm is progressing on the stage, knows the little wheel wound with silk that brushes against another piece of silk, and which produces the whistling effect of the wind. At Velestinos, when the firing was very heavy, it was exactly as though some one were turning one of these silk wheels, and so

rapidly as to make the whistling continuous.

When this concert opened, the officers shouted out new orders, and each of the men shoved his sight nearer to the barrel, and when he fired again, rubbed the butt of his gun snugly against his shoulder. The huge green blotches on the plain had turned blue, and now we could distinguish that they moved, and that they were moving steadily forward. Then they would cease to move, and a little later would be hidden behind great puffs of white smoke, which were followed by a flash of flame; and still later there would come a dull report. At the same instant something would hurl itself jarring through the air above our heads, and by turning on one elbow we could see a sudden upheaval in the sunny landscape behind us, a spurt of earth and stones like a miniature geyser, which was filled with broken branches and tufts of grass and pieces of rock. As the Turkish aim grew better these volcanoes appeared

higher up the hill, creeping nearer and nearer to the rampart of fresh earth on the second trench until the shells hammered it at last again and again, sweeping it away and cutting great gashes in it, through which we saw the figures of men caught up and hurled to one side, and others flinging themselves face downward as though they were diving into water; and at the same instant in our own trench the men would gasp as though they had been struck too, and then becoming conscious of having done this would turn and smile sheepishly at each other, and crawl closer into the burrows they had made in the earth.

From where we sat on the edge of the trench, with our feet among the cartridges, we could, by leaning forward, look over the piled-up earth into the the plain below, and soon, without any aid from field-glasses, we saw the blocks of blue break up into groups of men. These men came across the ploughed fields in long, widely

opened lines, walking easily and leisurely, as though they were playing golf or sowing seed in the furrows. The Greek rifles crackled and flashed at the lines, but the men below came on quite steadily, picking their way over the furrows and appearing utterly unconscious of the seven thousand rifles that were calling on them to halt. They were advancing directly towards a little sugar-loaf hill, on the top of which was a mountain battery perched like a tiara on a woman's head. It was throwing one shell after another in the very path of the men below, but the Turks still continued to pick their way across the field, without showing any regard for the mountain battery. It was worse than threatening; it seemed almost as though they meant to insult us. If they had come up on a run they would not have appeared so contemptuous, for it would have looked then as though they were trying to escape the Greek fire, or that they were at least interested in what was going forward.

THE BATTLE OF VELESTINOS

But the steady advance of so many men, each plodding along by himself, with his head bowed and his gun on his shoulder, was aggravating to a degree.

There was a little village at the foot of the hill. It was so small that no one had considered it. It was more like a collection of stables gathered round a residence than a town, and there was a wall completely encircling it, with a gate in the wall that faced us. Suddenly the doors of this gate were burst open from the inside, and a man in a fez ran through them, followed by many more. The first man was waving a sword, and a peasant in petticoats ran at his side and pointed up with his hand at our trench. Until that moment the battle had lacked all human interest; we might have been watching a fight against the stars or the man in the moon, and, in spite of the noise and clatter of the Greek rifles, and the ghostlike whispers and the rushing sounds in the air, there was nothing to remind us of any

other battle of which we had heard or read. But we had seen pictures of officers waving swords, and we knew that the fez was the sign of the Turk—of the enemy—of the men who were invading Thessaly, who were at that moment planning to come up a steep hill on which we happened to be sitting and attack the people on top of it. And the spectacle at once became comprehensible, and took on the human interest it had lacked. The men seemed to feel this, for they sprang up and began cheering and shouting, and fired in an upright position, and by so doing exposed themselves at full length to the fire from the men below. The Turks in front of the village ran back into it again, and those in the fields beyond turned and began to move away, but in that same plodding, aggravating fashion. They moved so leisurely that there was a pause in the noise along the line, while the men watched them to make sure that they were really retreating. And then there was a

long cheer, after which they all sat down, breathing deeply, and wiping the sweat and dust across their faces, and took long pulls at their canteens.

The different trenches were not all engaged at the same time. They acted according to the individual judgment of their commanding officer, but always for the general good. Sometimes the fire of the enemy would be directed on one particular trench, and it would be impossible for the men in that trench to rise and reply without having their heads carried away; so they would lie hidden, and the men in the trenches flanking them would act in their behalf, and rake the enemy from the front and from every side, until the fire on that trench was silenced, or turned upon some other point. The trenches stretched for over half a mile in a semicircle, and the little hills over which they ran lay at so many different angles, and rose to such different heights, that sometimes the men in one trench fired di-

rectly over the heads of their own men. From many trenches in the first line it was impossible to see any of the Greek soldiers except those immediately beside you. If you looked back or beyond on either hand there was nothing to be seen but high hills topped with fresh earth, and the waving yellow grass, and the glaring blue sky.

General Smolenski directed the Greeks from the plain to the far right of the town; and his presence there, although none of the men saw him nor heard of him directly throughout the entire day, was more potent for good than would have been the presence of five thousand other men held in reserve. He was a mile or two miles away from the trenches, but the fact that he was there, and that it was Smolenski who was giving the orders, was enough. Few had ever seen Smolenski, but his name was sufficient; it was as effective as is Mr. Bowen's name on a Bank of England note. It gave one a pleasant feeling to know

that he was somewhere within call; you felt there would be no "routs" nor stampedes while he was there. And so for two days those seven thousand men lay in the trenches, repulsing attack after attack of the Turkish troops, suffocated with the heat and chilled with sudden showers, and swept unceasingly by shells and bullets —partly because they happened to be good men and brave men, but largely because they knew that somewhere behind them a stout, bull-necked soldier was sitting on a camp-stool, watching them through a pair of field-glasses.

Towards mid-day you would see a man leave the trench with a comrade's arm around him, and start on the long walk to the town where the hospital corps were waiting for him. These men did not wear their wounds with either pride or braggadocio, but regarded the wet sleeves and shapeless arms in a sort of wondering surprise. There was much more of surprise than of pain in their faces, and they seemed

to be puzzling as to what they had done in the past to deserve such a punishment.

Other men were carried out of the trench and laid on their backs on the high grass, staring up drunkenly at the glaring sun, and with their limbs fallen into unfamiliar poses. They lay so still, and they were so utterly oblivious of the roar and rattle and the anxious energy around them that one grew rather afraid of them and of their superiority to their surroundings. The sun beat on them, and the insects in the grass waving above them buzzed and hummed, or burrowed in the warm moist earth upon which they lay; over their heads the invisible carriers of death jarred the air with shrill crescendoes, and near them a comrade sat hacking with his bayonet at a lump of hard bread. He sprawled contentedly in the hot sun, with humped shoulders and legs far apart, and with his cap tipped far over his eyes. Every now and again he would pause, with a piece of cheese balanced on the end of his knife-

blade, and look at the twisted figures by him on the grass, or he would dodge involuntarily as a shell swung low above his head, and smile nervously at the still forms on either side of him that had not moved. Then he brushed the crumbs from his jacket and took a drink out of his hot canteen, and looking again at the sleeping figures pressing down the long grass beside him, crawled back on his hands and knees to the trench and picked up his waiting rifle.

The dead gave dignity to what the other men were doing, and made it noble, and, from another point of view, quite senseless. For their dying had proved nothing. Men who could have been much better spared than they, were still alive in the trenches, and for no reason but through mere dumb chance. There was no selection of the unfittest; it seemed to be ruled by unreasoning luck. A certain number of shells and bullets passed through a certain area of space, and men of different bulks

blocked that space in different places. If a man happened to be standing in the line of a bullet he was killed and passed into eternity, leaving a wife and children, perhaps, to mourn him. "Father died," these children will say, "doing his duty." As a matter of fact, father died because he happened to stand up at the wrong moment, or because he turned to ask the man on his right for a match, instead of leaning towards the left, and he projected his bulk of two hundred pounds where a bullet, fired by a man who did not know him and who had not aimed at him, happened to want the right of way. One of the two had to give it, and as the bullet would not, the soldier had his heart torn out. The man who sat next to me happened to move to fill his cartridge-box just as the bullet that wanted the space he had occupied passed over his bent shoulder; and so he was not killed, but will live for sixty years, perhaps, and will do much good or much evil. Another man in the same trench

sat up to clean out his rifle, and had his arm in the air driving the cleaning-rod down the barrel, when a bullet passed through his lungs, and the gun fell across his face, with the rod sticking in it, and he pitched forward on his shoulder quite dead. If he had not cleaned his gun at that moment he would probably be alive in Athens now, sitting in front of a café and fighting the war over again. Viewed from that point, and leaving out the fact that God ordered it all, the fortunes of the game of war seemed as capricious as matching pennies, and as impersonal as the wheel at Monte Carlo. In it the brave man did not win because he was brave, but because he was lucky. A fool and a philosopher are equal at a game of dice. And these men who threw dice with death were interesting to watch, because, though they gambled for so great a stake, they did so unconcernedly and without flinching, and without apparently appreciating the seriousness of the game.

There was a red-headed, freckled peasant boy, in dirty petticoats, who guided Bass and myself to the trenches. He was one of the few peasants who had not run away, and as he had driven sheep over every foot of the hills, he elected to guide the soldiers through those places where they were best protected from the bullets of the enemy. He did this all day, and was always, whether coming or going, under a heavy fire; but he enjoyed that fact, and he seemed to regard the battle only as a delightful change in the quiet routine of his life, as one of our own country boys at home would regard the coming of the spring circus or the burning of a neighbor's barn. He ran dancing ahead of us, pointing to where a ledge of rock offered a natural shelter, or showing us a steep gully where the bullets could not fall. When they came very near him he would jump high in the air, not because he was startled, but out of pure animal joy in the excitement of it, and he would frown importantly and shake

his red curls at us, as though to say: "I told you to be careful. Now, you see. Don't let that happen again." We met him many times during the two days, escorting different companies of soldiers from one point to another, as though they were visitors to his estate. When a shell broke, he would pick up a piece and present it to the officer in charge, as though it were a flower he had plucked from his own garden, and which he wanted his guest to carry away with him as a souvenir of his visit. Some one asked the boy if his father and mother knew where he was, and he replied, with amusement, that they had run away and deserted him, and that he had remained because he wished to see what a Turkish army looked like. He was a much more plucky boy than the overrated Casabianca, who may have stood on the burning deck whence all but him had fled because he could not swim, and because it was with him a choice of being either burned or drowned.

This boy stuck to the burning deck when it was possible for him at any time to have walked away and left it burning. But he stayed on because he was amused, and because he was able to help the soldiers from the city in safety across his native heath. I wrote something about him at the time, but I do not apologize for telling about him again, because he was the best part of the show, and one of the bravest Greeks on the field. He will grow up to be something fine, no doubt, and his spirit will rebel against having to spend his life watching his father's sheep. He may even win the race from Marathon. It would be an excellent thing for Greece if some one discovered that, in spite of the twenty years discrepancy in their ages, he and the Crown-Prince had been changed at birth.

Another Greek who was a most interesting figure to us was a Lieutenant Ambroise Frantzis. He was in command of the mountain battery on the flat, round

top of the high hill. On account of its height the place seemed much nearer to the sun than any other part of the world, and the heat there was three times as fierce as in the trenches below. When you had climbed to the top of this hill it was like standing on a roof-garden, or as though you were watching a naval battle from the mast-head of one of the battle-ships. The top of the hill was not unlike an immense circus ring in appearance. The piled-up earth around its circular edge gave that impression, and the glaring yellow wheat that was tramped into the glaring yellow soil, and the blue ammunition-boxes scattered about, helped out the idea. It was an exceedingly busy place, and the smoke drifted across it continually, hiding us from one another in a curtain of flying yellow dust, while over our heads the Turkish shells raced after each other so rapidly that they beat out the air like the branches of a tree in a storm. On account of its height, and the glaring heat, and the shells

passing, and the Greek guns going off and then turning somersaults, it was not a place suited for meditation; but Ambroise Frantzis meditated there as though he were in his own study. He was a very young man and very shy, and he was too busy to consider his own safety, or to take time, as the others did, to show that he was not considering it. Some of the other officers stood up on the breastworks and called the attention of the men to what they were doing; but as they did not wish the men to follow their example in this, it was difficult to see what they expected to gain by their braggadocio. Frantzis was as unconcerned as an artist painting a big picture in his studio. The battle plain below him was his canvas, and his nine mountain-guns were his paint-brushes. And he painted out Turks and Turkish cannon with the same concentrated, serious expression of countenance that you see on the face of an artist when he bites one brush between his lips and with another wipes out a false

line or a touch of the wrong color. You have seen an artist cock his head on one side, and shut one eye and frown at his canvas, and then select several brushes and mix different colors and hit the canvas a bold stroke, and then lean back to note the effect. Frantzis acted in just that way. He would stand with his legs apart and his head on one side, pulling meditatively at his pointed beard, and then he would take a closer look through his field-glasses, and then select the three guns which he had decided would give him the effect that he wanted to produce, and he would produce that effect. When the shot struck plump in the Turkish lines, and we could see the earth leap up into the air like geysers of muddy water, and every one would wave his cap and cheer, Frantzis would only smile uncertainly, and begin again to puzzle out fresh combinations with the aid of his field-glasses.

The battle that had begun in a storm of hail ended on the first day in a storm of

bullets that had been held in reserve by the Turks, and which were let off just after sundown. They came from a natural trench, formed by the dried-up bed of a stream which lay just below the hill on which the first Greek trench was situated. There were bushes growing on the bank of the stream nearest to the Greek lines, and these hid the men who occupied it. Throughout the day there had been an irritating fire from this trench from what appeared to be not more than a dozen rifles, but we could see that it was fed from time to time with many boxes of ammunition, which were carried to it on the backs of mules from the Turkish position a half-mile farther to the rear. Bass and a corporal took a great aversion to this little group of Turks, not because there were too many of them to be disregarded, but because they were so near; and Bass kept the corporal's services engaged in firing into it, and in discouraging the ammunition-mules when they were being driven in that direction.

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY AT VELESTINOS

Our corporal was a sharp-shooter, and, accordingly, felt his superiority to his comrades; and he had that cheerful contempt for his officers that all true Greek soldiers enjoy, and so he never joined in the volley-firing, but kept his ammunition exclusively for the dozen men behind the bushes and for the mules. He waged, as it were, a little battle on his own account. The other men rose as commanded and fired regular volleys, and sank back again, but he fixed his sights to suit his own idea of the range, and he rose when he was ready to do so, and fired whenever he thought best. When his officer, who kept curled up in the hollow of the trench, commanded him to lie down, he would frown and shake his head at the interruption, and paid no further attention to the order. He was as much alone as a hunter on a mountain peak stalking deer, and whenever he fired at the men in the bushes he would swear softly, and when he fired at the mules he would chuckle and laugh with delight

and content. The mules had to cross a ploughed field in order to reach the bushes, and so we were able to mark where his bullets struck, and we could see them skip across the field, kicking up the dirt as they advanced, until they stopped the mule altogether, or frightened the man who was leading it into a disorderly retreat.

It appeared later that instead of there being but twelve men in these bushes there were six hundred, and that they were hiding there until the sun set in order to make a final attack on the first trench. They had probably argued that at sunset the strain of the day's work would have told on the Greek *morale*, that the men's nerves would be jerking and their stomachs aching for food, and that they would be ready for darkness and sleep, and in no condition to repulse a fresh and vigorous attack. So, just as the sun sank, and the officers were counting the cost in dead and wounded, and the men were gathering up blankets and overcoats, and the firing from

the Greek lines had almost ceased, there came a fierce rattle from the trench to the right of us, like a watch-dog barking the alarm, and the others took it up from all over the hill, and when we looked down into the plain below to learn what it meant, we saw it blue with men, who seemed to have sprung from the earth. They were clambering from the bed of the stream, breaking through the bushes, and forming into a long line, which, as soon as formed, was at once hidden at regular intervals by flashes of flame that seemed to leap from one gun-barrel to the next, as you have seen a current of electricity run along a line of gas-jets. In the dim twilight these flashes were much more blinding than they had been in the glare of the sun, and the crash of the artillery coming on top of the silence was the more fierce and terrible by the contrast. The Turks were so close on us that the first trench could do little to help itself, and the men huddled against it while their comrades on the surrounding

hills fought for them, their volleys passing close above our heads, and meeting the rush of the Turkish bullets on the way, so that there was now one continuous whistling shriek, like the roar of the wind through the rigging of a ship in a storm. If a man had raised his arm above his head his hand would have been torn off. It had come up so suddenly that it was like two dogs springing at each others' throats, and in a greater degree it had something of the sound of two wild animals struggling for life. Volley answered volley as though with personal hate — one crashing in upon the roll of the other, or beating it out of recognition with the bursting roar of heavy cannon. At the same instant all of the Turkish batteries opened with great, ponderous, booming explosions, and the little mountain-guns barked and snarled and shrieked back at them, and the rifle volleys crackled and shot out blistering flames, while the air was filled with invisible express trains that shook and jarred

it and crashed into one another, bursting and shrieking and groaning. It seemed as though you were lying in a burning forest, with giant tree trunks that had withstood the storms of centuries crashing and falling around your ears, and sending up great showers of sparks and flame. This lasted for five minutes or less, and then the death-grip seemed to relax, the volleys came brokenly, like a man panting for breath, the bullets ceased to sound with the hiss of escaping steam, and rustled aimlessly by, and from hill-top to hill-top the officers' whistles sounded as though a sportsman were calling off his dogs. The Turks withdrew into the coming night, and the Greeks lay back, panting and sweating, and stared open-eyed at one another, like men who had looked for a moment into hell, and had come back to the world again.

The next day was like the first, except that by five o'clock in the afternoon the Turks appeared on our left flank, crawling

across the hills like an invasion of great ants, and the Greek army that had made the two best and most dignified stands of the war at Velestinos withdrew upon Halmyros, and the Turks poured into the village and burned it, leaving nothing standing save two tall Turkish minarets that they had built many years before, when Thessaly belonged to the Sultan.

There have been many Turkish minarets within the last two years standing above burning villages and deserted homes all over Asia Minor and Armenia. They have looked down upon the massacre of twenty thousand people within these last two years, and upon the destruction of no one knows how many villages. If the five Powers did not support these minarets, they would crumble away and fall to pieces. Greece tried to upset them, but she was not brave enough, nor wise enough, nor strong enough, and so they still stand, as these two stand at Velestinos, pointing

to the sky above the ruins of the pretty village. Some people think that all of them have been standing quite long enough —that it is time they came down forever.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE

AS the day for celebrating the Diamond Jubilee drew nearer, the interest in it increased in proportion, and fed on itself, spreading and growing until it overwhelmed every other interest of the British Empire. To the people of London the signs of its approach were only too obvious, but long before it had given any outward warning of its coming in that city, men were already working to make it a success, not in the Lord Chamberlain's office alone, but in barracks and workshops, in fields and in ship-yards, and it had upset values and demoralized trade in certain avenues all over the wide world. So far in advance did the people prepare for its coming that managers of hotels in

London bought up whole fields before the green stuffs they would produce later had been planted and while the ground was covered with snow. An invitation to dine on a certain night in June was sent to the colonial premiers in January, six months before the dinner was cooked; and on account of the expected presence in London of an additional million and a half of people, food stuffs to feed them were imported months before, and freight rates from the River Plate and New Zealand rose thirty per cent. in consequence. This fact alone, which comes from the underwriters, suggests how far-reaching were the effects of the Jubilee, and also how tightly the world is now knit together, since a street parade in London disturbs traffic in Auckland and on the Bay of Plenty. The people in London regarded the celebration itself from two widely different points of view—some were for putting themselves as far away from it as possible, while the one idea of the others was to use their influence and money

to see it all, and to the best advantage. So earnest were the former in their efforts to escape that all of the steam-launches on the Thames were hired for Jubilee Day many weeks in advance; while for the use of the others every window facing the route of the procession was put at their disposal, either by invitation or at prices ranging from five dollars to five hundred. One house in Piccadilly was rented for the week to an American at ten thousand dollars. A room facing St. Paul's Cathedral, in front of which the chief ceremony of the day occurred, was advertised at twenty-five hundred dollars; seats on a roof at the same place were sold for fifty dollars each; and, in order to obtain room for a stand near by, an entire building was torn down, the lessees contracting to replace it after the Jubilee with another.

For a month previous to the Jubilee this speculation in windows and stands seemed to be the chief means in London of making money. It was like a miniature South

Sea bubble, or the late gamble in Kaffirs; syndicate after syndicate bought up the building-lots and half-finished houses bordering on the route of the procession, and came into the market offering seats at the best place from which to see it, which seemed to be at every possible point along the entire route. The prices asked by these gentlemen had their effect, and soon there was hardly a building of any sort that faced or was even near the route that was not converted into a stand for spectators. Churches built huge structures over their graveyards that towered almost to the steeples, and theatres, hotels, restaurants, and shops of every description were so covered with scaffoldings that it was impossible to distinguish a book-store from a public-house, so enveloped were they by planks and price-lists of seats. Some of the shopkeepers advertised "free" seats to the most generous purchasers of their wares, and others offered luncheon and dinner, with the choice of "champagne or

tea," to possible patrons. Landlords and householders along the route gave notice to tenants of months' occupation whose windows faced the streets to move out at once, and as the tenants naturally objected, a series of forcible evictions took place, and in many cases the neighbors sided with the tenants, and there were fighting and rioting in consequence. Paragraphs like the following appeared in the papers daily:

"Another Jubilee eviction took place last evening amid great excitement in the Borough Road. The doors of the house were barricaded, and had to be battered in before admission could be obtained. A large force of police were present."

The demand for windows and seats gave a rare chance to the unscrupulous, and the same seats were sold several times to different people by men who had no right to sell them at all. These gentlemen even went so far afield as Port Said, where they met passengers from Australia and India and showed them plans of seats, and sold

them, in exchange for many guineas, beautifully colored tickets that called for places which only existed on paper; and even the astute "Yankees," to the delight of the English newspapers, when they arrived at Liverpool, were cajoled into buying from these ingenious gentlemen, one man paying two hundred and fifty dollars for two seats for which he may be still looking.

This gamble for seats was perhaps unfortunate in giving the impression that the Jubilee, instead of being an expression of devotion and loyalty, had been turned into a chance for money-making, and that the nation of shopkeepers was living up to its name. As a matter of fact, this was not the case, and more money was spent by the shopkeepers in decorating and illuminating than they received from their windows; and the syndicates, as it turned out eventually, lost heavily, and many of the speculators were left absolutely bankrupt; as the contractors who supplied them with lumber raised the prices to four and five

times the regular figures, and the carpenters and joiners went on strike daily for higher and higher wages, until it was estimated that the average cost of building a stand rose from twelve shillings a seat to nineteen shillings, so that if the speculators had asked a guinea for eighteen inches of pine board they would only have made fifty cents profit. Even had the prices originally demanded by the speculators and syndicates been paid by the public, they would not have recovered what they had spent in labor and material. As it was, when the day arrived, seats advertised at fifteen dollars sold for two dollars and a half, and those facing St. Paul's Cathedral, which were advertised at one hundred and twenty-five dollars, were sold for twenty-five dollars. That was the average drop in prices all along the line of procession.

While this speculation was raging, and contractors and syndicates and labor unions and landlords were showing a sordid

desire for the mighty dollar, the remainder of the people were going quite mad in their loyalty and enthusiasm over the Queen and the greatest birthday of her reign. Ambitious and intricate illuminations composed of colored glass and gas-jets began to spread over the entire city. There was not a street, hardly a house, that did not show the letters V. R. Sometimes they were cut out of colored paper with a pair of scissors and stuck behind a dirty window-pane, and sometimes they were of cut glass and weighed many pounds, and hid the entire story of a house, and they became as familiar on the front of every Englishman's castle as they are on the round red letter-boxes. Gilded lions and unicorns, imperial crowns of colored glass, and the numerals 37–97 formed with rows of tiny fairy-lamps, and the flags of England reproduced in silk or in printed muslin, testified to the loyalty of shopkeepers, householders, clubs, banks, and hotels. Members of the royal family, whenever

they appeared in public, were received more royally than they had ever been before; and at the military tournament, at the theatres, and at all the music-halls, songs, scenes, and ballets illustrating the growth and power of the empire were the chief features of each performance, and were received nightly with shouts and cheers. At one music-hall the national anthem was sung three times in one evening, the audience rising each time and singing the words as fervently as though they were in church. One of the most curious illustrations of the feeling of the English people at the time of the Jubilee occurred one night in the Savoy restaurant —perhaps the last place one would look for the higher emotions—when the Hungarian band suddenly struck into the national anthem, and the entire room, filled with strangers, of men from all over the world and of women from both worlds, rose from their chairs and cheered and waved napkins, and remained standing

until the music ended and while their dinners grew cold.

It is difficult to believe that any event could ever disturb the settled majesty of London, or that any power would dare to intrude upon her inexorable laws of the road, upon her early closing hours, her sombre, sooty countenance, and the interminable caravans in her streets. Even an earthquake would hesitate at the impertinence of jarring London. But the Jubilee upset that city as it is to be hoped nothing ever will do again, and for three weeks the capital of the world did not know herself. She was like the old lady who had her skirts cut off and at whom even her own dog barked. For her great grim house-fronts, which the soft soot had turned into sweet and venerable castles, were painted a glaring yellow; her public statues were scrubbed until they were positively indecent; her islands of safety at the crossways were uprooted and the street lamps carried away; her sky-line

was broken by tiers of yellow-pine seats; her great thoroughfares, the highways of the world, were lined with giant packing-cases instead of houses; and her deep murmur which rumbles and rises and falls like the "roaring loom of Time," was broken by the ceaseless banging of hammers and the scraping of saws. The smell of soft coal, which is perhaps the first and most distinctive feature of London to greet the arriving American, was changed to that of green pine, so that the town smelt like a Western mining-camp. All the old landmarks disappeared, the National Gallery was disguised by a grandstand as large as that at the Polo Grounds, the statues in Trafalgar Square peeped over high wooden fences, and looked as though they had been boxed up for shipment; in some places trees were cut down, and in others stands were built high in the air above them, so that where there had been open places, with green turf and waving branches, there were fixed interminable

walls of yellow boards. Between the rising skeletons of rafters and scaffolding there came what was at first a hardly perceptible increase in the great tidal waves of traffic; but this swelled and grew until at certain points all movements in the streets were stopped for half-hours at a time, and carriages went where the current took them and not where they wished to go. At Hamilton Place, and where Berkeley Street breaks into Piccadilly, it would have been possible at many hours of the day to walk for a hundred yards on the tops of hansoms and 'buses and vans, locked together as tightly as logs in a jam of lumber. One man, who was driving his own dog-cart to a luncheon, was caught in the crush at Hamilton Place, and sent his groom into the Bachelors' Club to forward a telegram to his hostess, saying he would probably be late, and he arrived eventually twenty minutes after the telegram had been received. On account of these dams in the current, cabmen discovered new

streets in unknown territories, or refused point-blank to venture into certain thoroughfares unless they were taken by the hour. Others did not attempt to take out a cab at all, for a shilling fare often kept them buried for an hour and a half in some great barricade that moved only when the sweating policeman had broken another barricade as great, and one of the two lurched forward, with brakes snapping as they were unlocked, and whips cracking, and hundreds of hoofs slipping and pounding on the asphalt.

But it was on the sidewalks that the coming event cast its most picturesque shadows, and showed the most effective signs of the times. These shadows were substantial enough, and wore kharki tunics, and broad sombreros, and bandoleers heavy with cartridges swinging from the left shoulder, or they were in brilliant turbans of India silk, or red fezes; they were black of face, or brown, or yellow, and up to that time they had been familiar

to the cockneys of London only through the illustrated papers and the ballads of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But now they met them face to face, wearing their odd uniforms, speaking their impossible tongues, and worshipping strange gods, but each of them showing in every movement that it was a British drill-sergeant who had pulled his shoulders back and chucked his chin in the air, and taught him to swagger and cut his leg with his whip when he walked, and to stick it in his boot when he stood at ease, with his gauntlets under his shoulder-strap. There were so many things to look at in those Jubilee days that perhaps no one appreciated them fully until they were gone, and Tommy in his red jacket and pill-box cap began once more to take his original value in the life of the streets. But while they continued, not even a house-maid looked at him. Even the red and gold liveries of the royal coachmen, who were as plentiful as hansom-cab drivers, were no more regarded

in comparison than the red coats of the crossing-sweepers. It was the Colonials that people turned to look after; and the Chinese police from the British treaty-port at Hong-kong, with flat enamelled soup-plates on their heads; and the broad-lipped negroes from the Gold Coast of Africa, and Jamaica, and Trinidad; the reformed head-hunters from Borneo, now clothed in brown kharki and in their right minds; and the Mohammedans from Cyprus, at whom the costers in the East End hooted at first, mistaking them for the unspeakable Turk. But before all the others the Rhodesian Horse, because they were associated in the mind of the "man on the omnibus" with Cecil Rhodes and the Matabele wars and the Jameson raid. There was much reason to envy these happy few who were chosen to represent the different British colonies and possessions at the Jubilee, for London does not hold out her hand to most strangers. Some, when they go there, are thankful enough to have their

existence recognized by a hansom-cab driver raising his whip, and the translation of these men must have been startling. They were probably worthy young men, but at home they were part of a whole regiment, and of no more honor in their own country than so many policemen, while in their eyes London was the capital of the world, and a place where good colonists go to spend money, and where they are content if they can look on as humble spectators. But these men found, when they reached the great capital, that they were as gods and heroes, and their strange uniforms passed them freely into theatres and music-halls and public-houses, and women smiled on them, and men quarrelled to have the privilege of standing them a drink. Banquets and special performances, medals and titles, were showered upon them according to their rank and degree, and they in their turn furnished the most picturesque feature of the spectacle when it came.

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE INDIAN ARMY

money was spent in display with results so inadequate. Had the government put the matter in the hands of a committee of artists, much might have been done that would teach a lesson for the future, and have made the route of the procession a valley full of beauty and significance; but, as it was, every householder followed his own ideas, and so, while the loyalty displayed was quite evident, the taste was most primitive. It was the same sort of decoration that one sees on a Christmas-tree.

The prophets of disaster and the sensation-mongers were not idle in those days, and, looking back now to the event, it is hardly possible to believe the celebration held such terrors at the time, for nearly every one thought it could not come off without such another sacrifice as that at Moscow during the Coronation, or the panic at the Charity Bazaar in Paris. One prediction was that the Embankment would not be able to support the crowd, and that

it would cave in on the tracks of the underground railroad. Another was that the East End would rise in its might and take possession of the stands, and would keep the seats for which the West End had paid so many guineas; and it was said that eight thousand coffins had been ordered in Paris, and had been sent over in readiness for the loss of life that was expected to follow when the masses gathered in such a multitude. And forebodings of falling stands and sudden panics, and of fires, and of mobs of people crushing each other to death, were in the minds of every one. That none of these things happened was perhaps the most remarkable and interesting fact of the whole Jubilee. In any other city one or all of these things might have occurred, but the English conservatism, and the English regard for the law, and the wonderful management and executive ability shown in organizing the procession and in disciplining the spectators, prevented it. The chief credit is undoubtedly due

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to the head of the police, and to the fact that when he had decided which was the best way to regulate the movements of the people, the people were willing to abide by his decision. For many months before the procession the police studied the map of London, with the line of the parade marked out on it, and considered every possible accident that might occur, and every act that might lead up to such an accident. They rehearsed what the populace would do at every hour of the day; from which points people would come on foot, and from which points they would come in carriages; where they would collect in the greatest numbers; and when the procession had passed one point, in what direction they would rush in order to view it from another.

The problem was such a one as would present itself to the police of New York, were it necessary to protect a route six miles in length which would cross from New York to Brooklyn over one bridge

and return by another, were there such a bridge. It was expected that three millions of people would view the procession, and that it would be necessary to bring fifty thousand soldiers into London in order to line the route properly—that is, with as many soldiers as, had they been placed shoulder to shoulder, would have stretched in a straight line for thirty-two miles. The chief danger that presented itself was that the crowd, having seen the procession in London, would rush across to the Surrey side to see it again, and that the people on the Surrey side would cross over to London. The police cut this Gordian knot by treating the two banks of the river separately, and by closing London Bridge at midnight on the day before the Jubilee, and the four bridges nearest to the route of the procession on the day of the Jubilee from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon. In other parts of London all vehicular traffic was stopped at different points from seven o'clock up to ten, and only certain

streets crossing the line of the procession were open. No carts or wagons, or even people on horseback, were allowed to take up a place in the cross streets within a hundred feet of the procession, and no boxes nor ladders nor camp-stools were allowed within the same limited boundaries. The greatest danger to the public safety during the great parades in New York City is the criminal practice of allowing trucks and drays, which are used as temporary stands, to take up places on the cross streets. In case of a stampede they would completely cut off every outlet from the main thoroughfare, and impede the passage of fire-engines and ambulances. It is a mistaken kindness on the part of the authorities, for, while the owners of the trucks and drays may make a few dollars by renting seats, their barricades may cost many hundreds of lives.

This route over which the Queen was to drive, and which was guarded so admirably, and made beautiful by the display of such

loyal good feeling, held in its six miles of extent more places of historical value to the English-speaking race than perhaps any other six miles that could be picked off on a map of the world.

One of the English papers said that each step of the route was a lesson in English history, and pointed out some of the many features that made it historical; and it was these points of interest that gave the route and the procession its great dignity and its magnificent significance. It was not the troops that guarded it, nor the decorations of an hour that hung on its two sides, nor the flying banners that hid it from the sun. Queen Victoria was the first English sovereign to use Buckingham Palace as a royal residence, and, according to the route laid down for her to follow on the 22d of June, it was from this palace, which she had first entered a month after her accession, sixty years before, that she was to set forth on the greatest triumphal procession of her reign. Three millions

of loyal subjects and crown-princes of foreign and barbarous courts, ambassadors and Christian archbishops, field-marshals and colonial premiers, red-coated Tommys, costers, and publicans, would line this route to greet her on her way; but greater than any of these were the dumb statues and silent signs of those who had gone before, who had made that triumphal procession possible, who had created her empire, and who had spread and upheld her dominion on the land and on the sea.

At the top of Constitution Hill she would find the Iron Duke waiting for her on his bronze charger, and he might ask, "What is my part in this triumph?" and he could answer, "I held back Napoleon." At this corner, where to-day there is the greatest crash of traffic and the most lavish display of wealth and fashion in the world, the toll-gates which separated the open country from London once stood, and not so long ago but that the Queen can remember it. From Hyde Park Cor-

ner her route lay through Piccadilly, the street that took its name from a French ruff and gave it to a collar, and then down St. James's Street, past the windows of White's and Boodle's, where Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Brummel once looked out of these same windows. And so on to St. James's Palace, the hospital for lepers which Henry VIII. changed into a royal residence, and where to-day the Prince of Wales holds levees for statesmen and diplomats on the spot that once echoed to the cry of "Unclean! unclean!" Then past Marlborough House, that took its name from the soldier Duke who built it, between the "sweet shady" sides of Pall Mall, where Nell Gwynne leaned over her garden wall and held her celebrated conversation with the King which so shocked Mr. Pepys. And then, waiting for the Queen at the foot of Regent Street, the bronze soldiers who commemorate the death of thousands of others who died for her in the ice and snows of the Crimea; and, a few

rods beyond, Trafalgar Square, with Landseer's crouching lions watching the four corners of the earth, and above them Nelson, the one-armed sailor who died for the empire in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and who is now reared high above the beating heart of London on the cannon he wrested from the French war-ships in the Nile; and below him the statue to Gordon, who in his turn gave up his life for the Queen, and who stands now as immovable in bronze as he stood for so many months in life, when he looked out with weary eyes across the glaring desert, watching for the white helmets that came too late. From Trafalgar Square, where the blood of the regicides is marked by the statue of the monarch they murdered, the procession was directed into the Strand, past the church where Falstaff heard the bells ring at midnight, and so on to Temple Bar, where the Virgin Queen, many years before, was met by the Lord Mayor of that day when she rode into the city to cele-

brate the destruction of the Armada; and then past the Temple and the Law Courts, the home of the Crusaders, and later of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Charles Lamb; past Fetter Lane and Fleet Street, where Pope and Addison and Steele walked and talked, and wrote lampoons on each other in the neighboring coffee-shops.

And then, after the solemn halt at St. Paul's Cathedral, on into Cheapside, where the knights once rode to the tourneys, and where Whittington heard the bells calling him back to London; and across London Bridge, that used to hold the heads of the traitors; and so to the Surrey side, past the Church of St. Saviour, the resting-place of Fletcher and Massinger; and into the High Street, where stood the Tabard Inn of Chaucer; and then past the Houses of Parliament; past the statue of Disraeli, who first taught her Majesty to spell the word Empire; and the Abbey, the graveyard of England's greatest dead; into Whitehall, where Charles was executed, where the

horse-guards sit in their saddles in the narrow doorways; and so back again to the palace. In those six miles the Queen would have passed over earth hallowed by memories of men so great that queens will be remembered because they reigned while these men lived—men whose memories will endure for so many years that a monarch's "longest reign" will seem but an hour in the vast extent of their immortality.

When the sun pushed aside the mists at ten o'clock on the morning of the 22d of June, it saw the route of the procession like a double nought or a crooked eight, carved on the sooty surface of London. The rest of the city was busy with hurrying people, and soldiers marching at a quickstep, and galloping figures on horseback, but this cleared space was swept and garnished and empty. Looking from above it was as though the people living on the streets that formed these loops had overslept themselves and did not know that the world was astir. Looking from the

[illegible] DURING THE CEREMONIES [illegible]
[illegible]

treet, you saw that every house that faced his empty highway was decorated like a ox in a theatre when royalty is expected o be present. It was like two continuous alls of boxes and grandstands facing each ther for six miles; and every seat was taken and there were people in the windows eering from far back over each other's houlders, and people hanging to the roofs, nd people packed on the sidewalks. These eople cheered the sun when it appeared, nd cheered belated cabs when the police urned them back, and Sarah Bernhardt hen they allowed her to pass on. They were in a humor to cheer anything; they even cheered the police. And when at leven o'clock the cannon in Hyde Park boomed out the fact that the Queen had started towards them, they cheered the cannon, just as boys in the gallery applaud the orchestra when they appear—not because they are lovers of music, but because the event of the night is at hand.

As the Queen was leaving Buckingham

Palace she stopped and pressed an electric button, and a little black dot appeared on a piece of paper at the telegraph-office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. This was the signal that the message for which the cable people had been keeping the wires clear was to be sent on its way, and a sealed envelope that had been awaiting the signal was torn open, and they read these lines: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!—VICTORIA, R. I."

And in a few seconds five different cable companies were transmitting her Majesty's message to forty different points in her empire; in a few minutes it had passed Suez and Aden on its way to Simla, Singapore, and Hong-kong, and in Central Africa a native runner set forth with it to Uganda; while for those places which the cable does not reach, letters carried it to the islands of the world. The first answer was received from Ottawa. It arrived in sixteen minutes, and before the Queen had reached London Bridge other replies had

come to her from the Cape, from the Gold Coast, and from Australia.

The procession halted in three places—at the entrance to the City in the Strand, where Temple Bar once stood; at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the religious ceremony took place; and at the Mansion House.

At the entrance to the City the Lord Mayor, in a long velvet cloak, presented her Majesty with the freedom of the City, and tendered her the great two-handed sword as a symbol of allegiance. The Queen returned it by touching it with her hand, and the Lord Mayor mounted a black horse, and managing the great sword and the great cloak with much delight to himself and to the populace, galloped away. Lord Roberts, of Kabul and Kandahar, was the only other official who recognized the existence of the invisible barrier that guards the entrance to the City. As he reached it he drew up and saluted, and then rode on; but all of the others, with

the exception of the men of one company, rode or marched into the City without making any sign. The circumstance was only of interest because on ordinary occasions soldiers under arms may not march through the City without reversing their guns, and every night one can see the Household troops detailed for guard duty at the Bank of England tuck their guns under their arms when they pass the line of Temple Bar. The one exception on the day of the Jubilee was the men of the Royal Marine Artillery, who came to a halt and fixed bayonets, and then marched on again. This they did because their organization is a relic of the old train-bands of the City, and so for many years has enjoyed the privilege of marching through it with fixed bayonets. It was essentially English and characteristic for one company to halt in a Jubilee procession in which was the Queen, with many of the most important people in Europe, simply that they might assert their ancient rights

LORD ROBERTS OF KABUL AND KANDAHAR ON HIS CELEBRATED PONY

and privileges, even, as it were, at the point of the bayonet.

The procession, when it came, was distinctly a military spectacle, and as English people, especially the inhabitants of London, are used to soldiers, the presence of the Queen and the part played in it by the colonials was for them its chief interest. But without the Queen and the colonials, who were by far the most picturesque feature of the procession, there was enough to repay the visiting stranger for his journey, no matter from what distance he came. The procession was three-quarters of an hour in passing, and the test of its interest was that it seemed to have appeared and disappeared in ten minutes. There was a blurred vision of close ranks of great horses with silken sides, and above them rows of mirror-like breastplates and helmets, and quivering pennants, and bands of music with a drummer in advance of each throwing himself recklessly about in his saddle, and pound-

ing alternately on two silver kettle-drums hung with gold-embroidered cloths as rich as an archbishop's robe. There was artillery with harness of russet leather that shone like glass, and blue-jackets spread out like a fan and dragging brass guns behind them, and sheriffs in cloaks of fur with gold collars and chains, and Indian princes as straight and fine as an unsheathed sword, in colored silk turbans of the East, and gilded chariots filled with poor relations from Germany, and three little princesses in white, who bowed so energetically that one of them fell in between the seats and had to be fished out again; there were foreign princes from almost every country except Greece, and military attachés in as varied uniforms as there are costumes at a fancy ball; and there was the commander-in-chief of the United States army riding with the representative of the French army, and Lieutenant Caldwell of our navy sitting a horse as calmly as though he had been educated at West

Point, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid in evening dress riding in the same carriage with the Spanish ambassador, and the papal nuncio in the same carriage with the ambassador from China.

And there were the colonials. The colonial premiers wore gold lace and white silk stockings, but their faces showed they were men who had fought their way to the top in new, unsettled countries, and who had had to deal with problems greater than the precedence of a court. And surrounding each of them were the picked men of his country who had helped in their humbler way to solve these problems —big, sunburned, broad-shouldered men in wide slouch hats, and with an alert, vigilant swagger that suggested long, lonely rides in the bush of Australia and across the veldt of South Africa and through the snows of Canada. There were also Dyaks from Borneo, with the scalps of their former enemies neatly sewn to their scabbards, even though they did follow in the

wake of a Christian Queen; and black negroes in zouave uniforms from Jamaica; and Hausas from the Gold Coast who had never marched on asphalt before, and who would have been much more at home slipping over fallen tree trunks and stealing through a swampy jungle. There were police from British Guiana, and Indians, and even Chinamen. Central America was the only one of the great divisions of the world that was not represented, and had there been a detachment from British Honduras, there would have been marching in that parade British subjects from North, Central, and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and from the islands that, starting at Trinidad, circle the globe from the South Atlantic and Caribbean Sea, through the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, and down through the South Pacific, and back again past the Falkland Islands to Jamaica and Trinidad.

The three millions of people who watched the procession cheered every one in it,

from Captain "Ossie" Ames, the tallest officer in the British army, who was not only born great, but who, much to his distress, had greatness thrust upon him, and who rode in front, to the police who brought up the rear.

But there were four persons in the procession for whom the cheering was so much more enthusiastic than for any of the others that they rode apart by themselves. These were the Queen, Lord Roberts, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Gifford, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Lord Wolseley, the commander-in-chief, was not so well received as Lord Roberts, and suffered on account of his position, which was immediately in front of the Queen; so no one had time to look at him nor to cheer him. The Prince of Wales was also too near the throne to receive his accustomed share of attention, and some of the other favorites passed so quickly that the crowd failed to recognize them. But everybody seemed to know

Lord Roberts and his white Arab pony that carried him during his ride of nineteen days from Kabul to Kandahar, and no one in that procession knew better than that pony, with his six war medals hanging from his breast-band or strap, what a great day it was. The crowd saluted the hero of Kandahar as "Bobs," and cried "God bless you, Bobs!" and every now and then during a halt the general would ride up and speak to some soldier in the line who had served with him in India, and so make him happy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gifford was popular for two reasons—in the first place, he commanded the Rhodesian Horse, and that body, as has been previously suggested, was the one associated in the minds of the English with the Chartered Company and the Matabele war and Dr. Jameson's raid, and the next raid which it seems now must inevitably follow. And besides the fact that he led this body of rough riders, he had lost an arm in the last Matabele war,

LT.-COL. THE HON. MAURICE GIFFORD, COMMANDING THE RHODESIAN HORSE

and his sleeve was pinned across his chest, and he received his reward that day for losing it. His reception seemed to show what sympathy the man in the street had with the Parliamentary investigation of the Chartered Company's actions in South Africa.

The enthusiasm over Sir Wilfrid Laurier was probably due to his position as premier of Canada, and to the picturesque fact that he is a Frenchman by descent, and that his face is so strong and fine that he was easily recognized by his portraits. Next to these four in the hearts of the crowd, on that day at least, were the Indian princes, the Lord Mayor, Lord Charles Beresford, and all the colonial troops.

The street that opens into the oval of St. Paul's Cathedral breaks in two just in front of the cathedral, and passes by on either side. In the open space that is formed by this parting of the highways is a statue of Queen Anne, which is shut off from the street by an iron railing. The

Queen's carriage, with the eight cream-colored ponies, came up Ludgate Hill and turned to the left and then to the right, and stopped in front of the steps to the cathedral; the foreign princes, on horseback, grouped themselves in front of the statue, and the enamelled and gilded landaus of the special ambassadors and of the princesses formed *en échelon* along the roadway to the right. Beyond these were circles of the Household troops in red coats and bear-skins, and contingents of soldiers from the far East, from India, Africa, and China.

Rising from the lowest step of the cathedral was a great tribune separated into three parts, and back of this, red-covered balconies hung between the great black pillars like birds' nests in the branches of a tree. Below them the vast tribune shone with colored silk and gold cloth, and radiated with jewels like a vast bank of beautiful flowers. Among these flowers were Indian princes in coats sewn with dia-

monds that hid them in flashes of light, archbishops and bishops in robes of gold that suggested those of the Church of Rome, ambassadors in stars and sashes, with their official families in gold braid and decorations. In the centre was a great mass of smiling-faced choir-boys, like cherubs in night-gowns, and two hundred musicians picked from bands of many regiments and wearing many uniforms. On the lowest steps were dignitaries of the Church in the pink and crimson capes the different universities had bestowed upon them, and the Bishop of Finland, the representative of Russia, and the Bishop of New York, and, what was perhaps the most striking example of the all-embracing nature of the celebration, a captain from the Salvation Army with his red ribbon around his cap. There were judges in wigs and black silk gowns, and Chinamen in robes of colored silk, and Turkish envoys in fezes, and Persian envoys in Astrakhan caps. There were individuals in this group

who on most occasions take the centre of the stage at any gathering and hold it for hours, but on this great day they were only spectators, and had not as much to do in the celebration as had one of the soldiers that lined the street.

Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain, and Sir William Harcourt were among these, and there was also our ambassador, the Hon. John Hay, and the secretaries of his embassy, which, as a whole, is perhaps the best embassy our country or any other country has sent to the Court of St. James. And there were rows of Beef-eaters in the costume of the Tudors, and Bluecoat Boys in the costume of Edward VI.

The ceremony that followed upon the arrival of the Queen was a very simple one, but it was the most impressive one that could have been selected for that moment in the history of the Empire. It consisted of the Te Deum, the National Anthem, and the Doxology. That is a

difficult selection to surpass at any time, and especially when the three are sung from the hearts of ten thousand people.

The Te Deum was given to music written for the occasion, and the National Anthem, had it not been already written, would have been inspired by that occasion, and the Doxology was probably sung as it was never sung before. When the Jaenesville miners were rescued alive from the pit after they had been entombed there and given up for dead for eighteen days, their rescuers and all the mining population of Jaenesville marched to the house of the owner of the mines at two o'clock in the morning, and, standing in the snow, sang the Doxology, and a man who was there told me he hid himself in the house and cried. If he had been at St. Paul's Cathedral he would have had to hide himself again, for there were ten thousand people singing, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," as loudly as they could, and with tears running down their faces.

There were princesses standing up in their carriages, and black men from the Gold Coast, Maharajahs from India, and red-coated Tommys, and young men who will inherit kingdoms and empires, and archbishops, and cynical old diplomats, and soldiers and sailors from the "land of the palm and the pine" and from the seven seas, and women and men who were just subjects of the Queen and who were content with that. There was probably never before such a moment, in which so many races of people, of so many castes, and of such different values to this world, sang praises to God at one time, and in one place, and with one heart. And when it was all over, and the cannon at the Tower were booming across the water-front, the Archbishop of Canterbury, of all the people in the world, waved his arm and shouted, "Three cheers for the Queen!" and the soldiers stuck their bear-skins on their bayonets and swung them above their heads and cheered, and the women on the

house-tops and balconies waved their handkerchiefs and cheered, and the men beat the air with their hats and cheered, and the Lady in the Black Dress nodded and bowed her head at them, and winked away the tears in her eyes.

THE END

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